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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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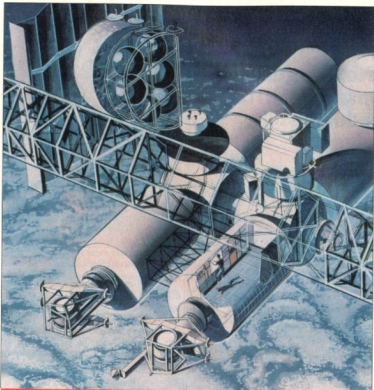
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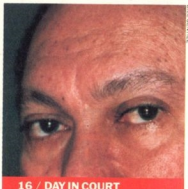


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LETTERS

WAS IT WORTH IT?

"No, the gulf war wasn't worth it. Saddam still reigns."

Betty K. Gangle
Ithaca, N.Y.

TIME has asked the essential question [WORLD, Aug. 5]. A war seldom solves a problem. Instead, it causes new and more difficult situations, as the gulf war did.

Sven-Erik Jonsson
Vaxjo, Sweden

Saddam Hussein tells his people that Iraq won. I believe that Saddam won but the Iraqi people lost immeasurably. Only time will reveal the true score.

Jack Blankley
Los Angeles

When human lives are the price that must be paid, how can war be worth it?

Sharon LaCruise
New York City



A half-million American families were disrupted for the better part of a year when members of the armed forces went abroad. More than 100,000 people lost their lives there, and many more were cast into poverty and grief. A terrible ecological disaster resulted where fires still burn. Was it worth it? No, it was not.

John B. Warman
Friendship, Md.

Back to Kuwait

Having just spent a week in Kuwait, during which I traveled extensively and interviewed many people who lived through the occupation, I have a totally different impression from that of your reporter [WORLD, Aug. 5]. To some extent, Kuwait does wish to turn back the clock. It is striving to regain the peaceful prosperity its people enjoyed before the invasion. It is unfair to say Kuwaitis "rarely lift a finger unless to point it." The Kuwaitis I met were working extremely hard to restore their country and reconstruct their shattered lives. Kuwaitis have been deeply affected by the invasion and occupation of their country. They resisted the Iraqis in a multitude of ways, and many showed great bravery. Out of this experience they have gained confidence in their own abilities. There is a new spirit among Kuwaitis, and I believe they learned more from the conflict than the world has yet acknowledged.

Peter Vine
London

It makes my blood boil to read of the greed, indolence and intolerance shown by the government and some of the people of Kuwait. Didn't they learn how powerless money is to stop destruction and murder, and that some things cannot be bought at

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LETTERS

any price? Do they understand that Americans who work at jobs and clean their own homes paid the taxes that financed the war of Kuwait liberation? And that many Americans who will never own a large house or employ a servant left their homes and families to fight for the freedom of people they had never met?

Gayle Park
Richmond

A Question of Trust

The sin committed by the South African government in secretly funding a group battling the African National Congress for black political support [WORLD, Aug. 5] is no more, and probably less, than what the U.S. government would do if faced with the alternatives South Africans confront today. On a recent visit to South Africa, I found that fear of communism is very real. The white population, including the government, will do almost anything to defend itself from its old enemy. Though it's doubtful that communism still has that much power, I cannot condemn those who safeguard their freedom in any way possible. The South African government feels it cannot allow the A.N.C. to have full control because of the threat of communism.

Donna Harkness
Lewisville, Texas

An End to Nuclear Hysteries?

Charles Krauthammer is exactly right: arms control is obsolete without the cold war [ESSAY, Aug. 5]. But he is wrong to conclude that we need the Strategic Defense Initiative for protection against possible nuclear terrorism by smaller countries. Now that the U.S. has the biggest nuclear stick ever built and no superpower rival, our best move is to use that leverage to push for a strengthened U.N. with the authority to arrest individual conspirators in any country. We can make war obsolete.

Hank Stone
Ionia, N.Y.

Arms control is hardly just a "sham and sideshow." It has had a very real impact in changing Soviet behavior. The series of U.S.-Soviet summits built a sense of stability, leading to mutual understanding. Disarmament gave the superpowers something to discuss when they could talk about very little else. What's wrong with that?

Burton Glass
Washington

Aggressive Multimedia Museum

To erect a National Civil Rights Museum is laudable and magnificent [HISTORY, Aug. 5]. To establish it on the site of Mar-

tin Luther King Jr.'s assassination in Memphis' Lorraine Motel is misguided. The Lincoln Memorial is not at Ford's Theater. The Kennedy Eternal Flame is not in Dallas. It is not the death of King that should receive our attention, but his life and struggle for civil rights. The glitz of the planned laser-beamed assassination "bullet" and the like will distract from King's courage and accomplishments.

Marshall Colt
Santa Monica, Calif.

Thirty years ago, a significant percentage of Americans were beaten and jailed over the right to buy a sandwich. They were attacked by police dogs for trying to enter good schools. People who attempted to vote were murdered. Your writer contends that by vividly re-creating the events that resulted in deaths and beatings, the National Civil Rights Museum pushes "the barriers of good taste." Beatings, murder and persecution are never in good taste. If the reality offends, then the museum has accomplished its mission. The indignities suffered by blacks in the 1950s and '60s should offend all Americans. This is not entertainment; it is a historical museum with realistic exhibits.

D'Army Bailey, President
Lorraine Civil Rights Museum Foundation
Memphis

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*Comparison of base 4X4.

*Comparison of base models.



LETTERS

Keeping an Eye on Press Watchers

It was impossible to find a flaw in "The Media's Wacky Watchdogs," Joe Queenan's astute review of the far-out rantings of the fringe elements who keep tabs on the media [Press, Aug. 5]. May TIME continue to be a watchdog of these groups, so we are not led down the garden paths they want us to travel. I chuckled all evening at the dry comments on their ravings.

Russell H. Anderson
Torrington, Conn.

The lines between straight news, opinion with a sprinkling of facts, and just plain opinion have faded. As for the watchdogs, as long as we start with the premise that everyone has an ax to grind, who cares if some people are enterprising enough to make a dollar off the grinding?

Carl LaVerghetta
Columbia, Md.

TIME's characterization of the *Repap MediaGuide* as a publication of "sheer wackiness" startled me. It is not a "media watchdog" in the sense that its staff members have their eyes peeled for media transgressions. We are looking for excellence and are most pleased when we find it. Our reviewers are serious consumers of news, representative of the audience that

TIME is trying to serve. They are all knowledgeable in their fields and do not submit evaluations on subjects they know nothing about. I believe we are serving the journalistic profession by giving voice to its audience. Our critiques are written with a spirit of fairness and constructiveness, not malice or ideological pettiness.

Jude Wanniski, Editor
Repap MediaGuide
Morristown, N.J.

The criticism by Queenan of Jude Wanniski's *Repap MediaGuide* would have been more credible had Queenan revealed that he has received less than glowing ratings in recent years from that publication. I guess his oversight illustrates why we need media watchdogs in the first place.

David Hakensen
Minnetonka, Minn.

Risks of Pumping Up the Volume

In addition to hearing loss, excessive exposure to noise [HEALTH, Aug. 5] can cause two other real difficulties—tinnitus (constant, maddening ringing in the ears) and hyperacusis (extreme, painful sensitivity to any sounds). These conditions can be just as disabling as noise-induced deafness.

Judith L. Wyer
Farmington, Conn.

You do not mention the most vulnerable of the populations affected by noise levels and subsequent damage to the hearing system—the fetal listener. Protecting the fetus against harmful noise levels is as important as sparing the baby the damage that can result from maternal use of alcohol or tobacco.

Rosalie Rebollo Pratt, Editor
International Journal of Arts Medicine
Provo, Utah

People who play loud music might act differently if sound waves could be seen as well as heard.

David Cowley
Oshkosh, Wis.

New Strong Femmes on Film

I vigorously applaud the fresh approach to women's capabilities in movies [CINEMA, Aug. 5]. Perhaps if your critic had to make a living as a single mother, had been sexually harassed and had been battered or raped, he might appreciate aggression by women in films. Some of us have been forced to live our lives on the alert, like Linda Hamilton's character in *Terminator 2*, to protect ourselves from the male mentality your article reflects.

D. Diane Hooker
St. Cloud, Fla.

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^{††} MSRP of base model excluding tax, license and freight. Price of L5 model (shown above) starts at \$10,969. Optional equipment shown at additional cost.

LETTERS

You guys still don't get it, do you? Hamilton's T2 character is a hero to women precisely because she is the woman warrior. We cheer her on because she acts on the most feminine of motives: defense of her child and her species. She fights with the fury of any creature, male or female, that must protect its young.

*Jeanie R. Wakeland
Martinez, Calif.*

Clarification

A chart accompanying our cover story on the Bank of Credit & Commerce International [BUSINESS, July 29] showed a "dubious loan" of \$121 million to Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid al Maktoum of Dubai. This information was derived from internal B.C.C.I. and Price Waterhouse documents. Attorneys in London for Sheikh Mohammed inform us, however, that no such loan was ever made. We regret the implication made in the chart that Sheikh Mohammed actually received this loan.

Worship on a Grand Scale

The new superchurches with their enormous congregations [RELIGION, Aug. 5] appear to be a paradox. In earlier times an individual would join a church in order to search for his or her identity. Today wor-

shippers at the superchurches seem to be seeking a loss of identity. As members of a large group, they feel no personal responsibility for their actions.

*Helen W. Joffe
Hamilton, Ohio*

One of the superchurches you listed is Calvary Chapel in Santa Ana, Calif. But this church does not beg for money. It simply teaches the Bible. That is why Calvary

Chapel is a superchurch. People who are hungry to know God can have that appetite richly satisfied.

*Paulette Leaman
Laguna Hills, Calif.*

When I go to church, I want to know the pastor and the people sitting near me. When I die, I don't want a magnificent eulogy by a stranger. I want the heartfelt words of someone who will miss me.

*Mary Ellen Bertram
Belleville, Ill.*

A Roasting for a Shish Kebab

The illustration showing disembodied heads of key figures in the B.C.C.I. case on a skewer broiling over flames did not sit well with several readers [BUSINESS, Aug. 5]. Their displeasure with the photomontage was heightened by the appearance elsewhere in the magazine of an account of Milwaukee mass murderer Jeffrey Dahmer's mutilation and cannibalization of his victims. "Extremely distasteful," wrote Helen Riha of Bartlesville, Okla., of the unfortunate pairing. "The nation is too shocked by the Dahmer nightmare to appreciate even a figurative dismembering of bodies."

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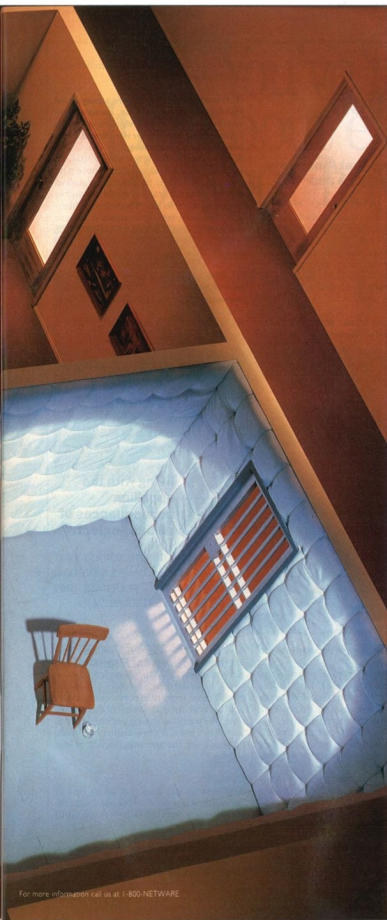


* MSRP of base model excluding tax, license and freight. Price of XS model (shown above) starts at \$13,949. Optional equipment shown at additional cost.



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INTERVIEW

Watching a Generation Waste Away

Economist SYLVIA ANN HEWLETT argues that America is callously treating its youth like excess baggage and throwing away its future prosperity

By JANICE CASTRO NEW YORK

Q. Feminists call you a backslider and a traitor, conservatives say you sound like a big-spending liberal, and liberals say you sound like a reactionary. Why do so many different groups attack you?

A. Because I am extremely concerned about what is happening to the American family. Those of us in the sane center are always being clobbered by both the left and the right. We think of ourselves as a nation that cherishes its children, but, in fact, America treats its children like excess baggage. In all other countries, childbirth is seen as an event that is vitally important to the life and future of the nation. But in the U.S. we treat child rearing as some kind of expensive private hobby.

Q. In what ways?

A. Our tax code offers greater incentives for breeding horses than for raising children. We slash school budgets and deny working parents the right to spend even a few weeks with their newborns. We spend 23% of the federal budget on the elderly but less than 5% on children. We refer to pregnancy as a "temporary disability," putting it on a par with breaking your leg.

Q. What is the impact on children?

A. Children of all races and income levels are suffering. Nearly one-third of our children drop out before finishing high school; only 6% do so in Japan, 8% in western Germany.

Q. What kinds of changes are needed to address these problems?

A. We need parenting leaves, for one thing. When Brazil rewrote its constitution in 1988, it was seen as an inalienable right for mothers to spend some time with their newborn children. In this country, 60% of working women have no maternity leave. If they must spend time at home with their new baby, they stand to lose their job.

Q. What about private child care?

A. Most parents cannot afford decent child care. I spoke recently with a young father in Phoenix. He and his wife must both work to make ends meet. He told me that it felt like to put his five-week-old baby daughter in what he called a kennel: third-rate day care. It was all they could afford. They have

no health benefits, and neither had the right to time off when their daughter was born. The worst part is that their situation is normal in this country. But the average European country now guarantees five months off with full pay after the birth of a child. You would never find a five-week-old child in day care.

Q. In your new book, *When the Bough Breaks: The Cost of Neglecting Our Children*,

breaks: The Cost of Neglecting Our Children,



you maintain that this is a peculiarly American problem. Why?

A. When it comes to family policy, we're caught between two fantasy worlds, one described by the right, one described by the left. The left behaves as if we do not have children. They have focused on equal opportunities, ignoring the fact that individuals who are nurturing children cannot compete on equal footing with those who are not. The left has been so concerned with the rights of people to live however they choose that they cannot even decide what a family is.

Meanwhile, the right talks about traditional family values but does nothing to help families. They act as if we are living in the '50s, when women stayed home to raise the children. Day care was a dirty word. A hands-off government policy on families

made more sense then. More families were intact, for one thing.

Q. In part because there were strong social prohibitions against divorce, parents were expected to put their children's interests first, and staying together was viewed as the best way to care for children.

A. Yes, even if that is not always true. At least we put the children first. These days we treat divorce as just another personal choice. Birth control has made it possible to choose when to have children, and liberalized divorce laws have made it easy to abandon them. Parents now spend 40% less time with their children than they did about 15 years ago.

Q. What about the argument that working women have brought these problems on themselves and are now asking the government to pick up the slack?

A. No, no, no. Working mothers are always the scapegoat. But look, real hourly wages

"We have forgotten that while marriages may not last, parenthood is forever. We are living with the appalling consequences of all this neglect."

have fallen 19% since 1973, so most families need two jobs just to get by. If women were not working, the American family would be in desperate financial trouble by now. Yet we seem to expect women somehow to rear their children in their spare time. We persist in thinking of child care as a woman's issue. It's not. Fathers are more to blame for the parenting deficit in our society.

Q. Why?

A. Too many still think that taking care of the children is women's work. And after divorce, almost half the fathers drop out of sight.

Q. In your book, you argue that the liberalization of social attitudes and the changes in family law are partly to blame. Weren't no-

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†The reported incidence of drowsiness with Seldane (5.8%) in clinical studies involving more than 11,000 patients did not differ significantly from that reported in patients receiving placebo (5.9%).

‡Based upon worldwide prescription and distribution information (1986-1990)—data on file, Marion Merrell Dow Inc.

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

Who controls the notorious Black Berets? That question has intrigued Moscow correspondent James Carney for months as the Soviet government has frequently denied responsibility for the brutality of the paramilitary unit's actions against the Lithuanian independence movement. Last month the Soviet Interior Ministry granted Carney permission to interview Major Boleslav Makutinovich, who commands the Black Beret unit in Vilnius. But when Carney arrived earlier this month at the group's heavily fortified base, he found himself at the business end of an automatic rifle wielded by a sentry who told him to come back the next day. He did. In the 'World' section this week, you will find his interview with the man whose troops are suspected of involvement in the murders of seven Lithuanian border guards last month.

Carney, who majored in Russian and East European studies at Yale and speaks fluent Russian, worked as a summer intern at TIME in 1986. He spent part of the following year studying in Leningrad, where he got a close-up look at the first wave of Mikhail

Gorbachev's attempts at reform. Starting in 1988 as TIME's Miami bureau chief, Carney covered Gorbachev's trip to Cuba and the U.S. invasion of Panama in 1989. All the while he yearned to return to the Soviet Union. Events there seemed to be moving so fast, he recalls, "I used to be worried that all of the important changes would run their course before I could get back there."

But *perestroika* has proved to be an epic with many chapters. Based in Moscow for the past year, Carney has covered the backlash against the Soviet President's liberalization. Last January he was with Lithuanian demonstrators at the television tower in Vilnius when Soviet army paratroopers opened fire nearby, killing 15 civilians. Says Carney: "For the first time, it seemed clear that Gorbachev wasn't entirely in control." That sense was reinforced during Carney's visit to the Black Beret base. Says Carney: "To a man, the Black Berets spoke of defending the Soviet system to the end, regardless of Moscow's policies. Though Gorbachev is pressing forward with reforms, peaceful transformation in the Soviet Union is far from guaranteed."



Carney interviewing Black Beret troops in Vilnius

**"Peaceful transformation
in the Soviet Union
is far from guaranteed."**

Editor P. Vale

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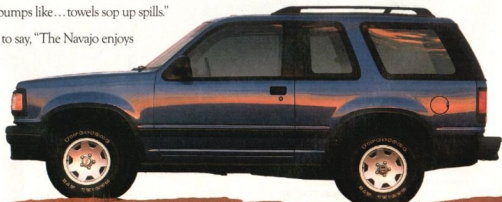
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MOTOR TREND "TRUCK OF THE YEAR"

GRAPEVINE

By **SIDNEY URQUHART**/Reported by **Andrea Sachs**

WOULD-BE FATHER OF BAGHDAD'S BOMB

His name, Ja'afar Dhaieh Ja'afar, is little known even in scientific circles, but U.S. intelligence sources have identified the Iraqi-born physicist as his country's version of J. Robert Oppenheimer. Ja'afar, a Shi'ite Muslim, is an outspoken human-rights advocate who has been jailed for his protests against Saddam Hussein's oppression. Yet he has been honing his country's nuclear capabilities since the early 1960s. He directed operations at the Osirak reactor until an Israeli raid destroyed it in 1981, and he later served as senior technician for the Tarmiya and Sharqat pilot plants, centerpieces of what U.N. investigators say was an advanced nuclear weapons program. U.S. government sources contend that under Ja'afar's supervision, Saddam's nuclear program got sizable infusions of technology from Beijing.



One of Saddam Hussein's nuclear reactors in 1979

CONFRONTING CAMPUS RACISM FROM DAY ONE

Not every college orientation week includes a jolting theatrical experience. But this summer **CORNELL UNIVERSITY** has sent letters to its 3,000 incoming freshmen urging them to attend campus performances of David Feldshuh's prizewinning 1989 drama *Miss Evers' Boys*. The play is a searing account of the U.S. government's lethally misguided effort to study the degenerative effects of syphilis on a group of rural black men in Alabama. Opening the school year with the play "is an institutional statement that we would like all of the diverse people on our campus to understand," says Cornell law professor Larry Palmer.

ARE THESE GUYS REALLY SERIOUS?

Paul Tsongas, the only declared contender for the 1992 Democratic presidential nomination, may have some unlikely company. Associates of **JERRY BROWN** say the former California Governor yearns for elective office and is nursing a slim hope that his state's anticlimactic June primary could be advanced to March, when it would be a better springboard. Still more improbable is the gathering of support for consumer gadfly **RALPH NADER**. "I'm a citizen, not a politician," protests the lonely crusader. But he has yet to disavow his followers' efforts to get his name on the Democratic slate.



Raising consciousness at Cornell

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV'S FLYING CIRCUS

The offer from the Soviet barnstormers is for the well heeled, not the fainthearted. For a mere \$10,000, the American airshow buff can now buy a few minutes of thrills as a passenger in a MiG-29 Fulcrum, the U.S.S.R.'s hottest jet fighter. A few intrepid customers have signed up for rides ranging from a gentle swing around the airfield to a serious workout at 1,500 m.p.h. The thrills start this weekend at Massachusetts' Westfield-Barnes airport and then continue at shows in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Texas, Kansas and California.



Soviet MiG-29 Fulcrums strut their supersonic stuff

TUNING OUT ON TIO SAM

With Cuba an increasingly lonely holdout against the stampede away from communism, what better time for the anti-Castro **RADIO MARTI** to turn up the volume and hasten Fidel's political demise? Instead, a recent U.S. Information Agency study shows a shrinking audience. Radio Marti employees blame their director, Rolando Bonachea, for the defections. Bonachea has tried to "professionalize" the station's programming by increasing its anticommunist rhetoric. Castro's stations, by contrast, have won listeners back by giving them what they want: rock 'n' roll.



Jerry and Ralph: they won't rule out a run

VOX POP

Should you have more time off or is the amount of vacation you have fair?

More time off **33%**

Current amount fair **62%**

From a telephone poll of 527 full-time employees taken for TIME.COM on July 17-18 by Yaniv/Research. Current Question: Sampling error is plus or minus 4%. "Net name" omitted.

TIME/AUGUST 26, 1991

WAR ON DRUGS

Day of Reckoning

As Noriega prepares to stand trial, Washington braces for embarrassing disclosures—but no one expects Panama's ex-dictator to go free

By CATHY BOOTH MIAMI

It is just after 8 a.m. on Sept. 23, 1985. Ken Kennedy, assistant special agent in charge of Miami's Drug Enforcement Administration office, is cruising down I-75, the Everglades Parkway, in his big blue Olds Delta 88. Over his two-way radio, Kennedy hears the squawk of an Air Force Black Hawk helicopter that is tracking a drug-laden plane from Colombia. The dope runner decides to land his plane on an unfinished section of I-75, not far from where Kennedy happens to be. "The copter guys are yelling, 'We have him!'" recalls Kennedy. "And I'm looking everywhere trying to find this guy."

Kennedy snaps on his blue roof light and hits the gas. Within minutes, he reaches the Cessna 441. Its props are still turning, but the pilot has fled into the dense, swampy undergrowth. Dressed for the office in a suit and loafers, Kennedy pulls a Walther PPK from his ankle holster and gamely wades in, immediately losing a shoe to the muck. Reinforcements soon join him, and the search goes on for hours. Though the pilot manages to evade them, Kennedy and his colleagues seize nearly a ton of cocaine from the abandoned plane.

They didn't know it then, but that was the start of one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of U.S. law enforcement: the capture and prosecution of General Manuel Antonio Noriega, head of the Panama Defense Forces and "Maximum Leader" of his country. The Cessna's pilot, captured four months later, provided the first testimony linking the strongman to drug running. On Sept. 3, almost six years after that steamy chase, Noriega will walk into downtown Miami's federal courthouse to face a 12-count indictment. He is charged with taking \$4.6 million in payoffs between 1981 and 1986 and turning Panama into the ultimate full-service center for Colombian drug lords, offering everything from secure landing strips and labs to money laundering and passports for dealers on the run. If convicted on all 12 counts, Noriega faces 145 years' imprisonment and \$1,145,000 in fines.

Noriega's court appearance will be all the more amazing because few expected to

see him stand trial when the indictments first came down in 1988. The State Department, with President Reagan's approval, tried to negotiate his quick departure from power by offering to drop charges. But Noriega wouldn't budge. On Dec. 20, 1989, in what was probably the most destructive and expensive manhunt in history, George Bush launched a full-scale invasion of Panama. Two weeks later, wearing a non-descript T shirt and handcuffs, Noriega was whisked to Miami, where his pock-marked face and glassy-eyed gaze were captured in a police mug shot of Prisoner No. 41586. For the first time in history, the U.S. was about to try the leader of a foreign country.

For the past 20 months, Noriega has been awaiting trial in what has been dubbed the Dictator's Suite, a two-room cell behind rows of barbed wire at the Metropolitan Correctional Center, south of Miami. In accordance with the Geneva Conventions, he is considered a prisoner of war and thus receives 80 Swiss francs (U.S.\$50) a month from the U.S. government—more than enough to pay for a steady supply of his favorite cookies, Oreos. He spends his time studying classified documents, talking on his government-tapped phone and watching Spanish-language soap operas. Like many a cornered scoundrel, he claims to have undergone a sudden religious conversion.

On the face of it, bringing Noriega to justice seems to be an unqualifiedly good idea. Who wouldn't applaud the downfall of an odious dictator and the return of Panamanian democracy after 21 years of military rule? Unfortunately, things are not that simple. From Noriega's seizure in Panama to his long incarceration without bail, the U.S. government's relentless pursuit of the general has been a cause for concern to civil libertarians and constitutional experts.

"By the time Noriega gets done with the system, this case will do more damage to American justice than he could possibly have done as a dictator," complains New York University law professor Burt Neuborne, former legal director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Justice Department officials insist that the deposed tyrant will be tried strictly on the merits of the in-

dictment, but some in Washington admit that the trial is profoundly political. "The guy was a de facto head of state," says an Administration official. "So how can you say the trial isn't political?"

That is precisely what the defense team, headed by Noriega's flamboyant lead counsel, Frank Rubino, has been saying all along. Rubino, one of Miami's savviest drug-case lawyers, claims the charges were manufactured because of Noriega's refusal to commit Panamanian soldiers to an invasion of Nicaragua at the request of the U.S. "Just a drug case, huh? Do you believe in the tooth fairy too?" says Rubino. "Like it or not, General Noriega has been an asset of the CIA, the National Security Agency and other government agencies for 20 some years."

Especially troubling to the government is the defense strategy of dredging up Noriega's role in covert U.S. operations just as the Iran-contra scandal is re-emerging. Where the trail will lead no one knows. Noriega was an important player in the training and resupply of the Nicaraguan rebels. An earlier investigation into Noriega's gunrunning was discouraged by Washington, primarily because of former White House aide Oliver North's involvement; but rumors of drug running by CIA pilots to pay for *contra* guns have persisted. "The story has never been proved or disproved, but there is the nagging wonder," says a former Central American diplomat. "If it proved true, the mess could end up on George Bush's back."

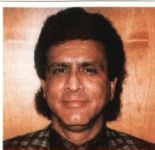
Four years ago, in fact, when Bush was running for the presidency, questions about what he knew of Noriega's drug-running activities while he headed the CIA and while serving as Vice President dogged his campaign. Some cynics believe the Administration will cut a secret deal with Noriega to avoid explosive disclosures at a trial that is likely to drag on into the 1992 presidential campaign. Others, like former Panamanian President Ricardo de la Esparilla, disagree. "I don't think Noriega has anything on Bush," he says. "It's a bluff. It will be Noriega's word against Bush's. [Noriega] is destroyed."

Hoping to expose Noriega's links to



SUSPECT

Panama's former "Maximum Leader" faces 12 counts of drug trafficking for running what prosecutors call "the Enterprise"—a sophisticated protection service for cocaine shipments flown from Colombia to the U.S. through Panama. Lining up against him is a rogues' gallery of dopers, con men, drug pilots and onetime military buddies.



TWO TIMER

Dealer turned informant Ramon Arturo Navarro was expected to finger Noriega but died in a car crash.



BAG MAN

Lieut. Colonel Luis del Cid has told prosecutors that he collected drug-cartel payoffs on behalf of Noriega.



FLY BOY

Roberto Striedinger, a veteran drug pilot, is a slick operator who knows all the dope on flights in and out of Panama.



SNITCH

José Blandón, Noriega's ex-political adviser, tarnished his credibility as a witness by leaking tapes of the general's jailhouse calls.

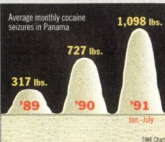
Washington, defense lawyers have been battling all summer behind the closed doors of U.S. District Court Judge William Hoeveler's ninth-floor chambers in Miami. Their goal: winning the release of classified documents. But none of the texts already made available have hardly proved revealing. Censors have taken a giant white-out brush to entire pages on Noriega's dealings with Bush, North and the late CIA Director William Casey. In a 41-page order that is still secret, Hoeveler this month gave the defense access to classified documents that Rubino claims will help him prove that Noriega dealt with drug traffickers as part of a Washington-sanctioned arrangement. "Many of the things General Noriega did," Rubino argues, "he did for and on behalf of the U.S. government."

The government has already admitted that Noriega was paid \$320,000 by the CIA and the Defense Intelligence Agency for information that ranged from "incidental" to the Panamanian government's stance in the canal negotiations in 1976. The defense, however, claims that the general also had control of an \$11 million slush fund from which, on Washington's behalf, he allegedly supplied the Nicaraguan *contras* and spied on Castro. Prosecutors are braced for any such bad-news revelations and expect the CIA, DEA and DIA to have some dirty laundry aired.

Leaked debriefings from Noriega's inner circle shed considerable light on his many shady dealings, from arms transactions with Libyans and North Koreans to intelligence-sharing with the Cubans. But none of his former high-ranking officers say Noriega ever moved drugs or even formed a partnership with the Colombian drug lords. Former Major Felipe Camargo did confirm that Noriega received a multimillion-dollar bribe from Colombian drug lords in 1984 in exchange for safe haven in Panama. But Camargo also said the only bid by the general's men to get into the drug business in a major way was an unsuccessful attempt by Colonel Julian Melo to process cocaine in Darien in Panama.

Though Noriega may disclose embarrassing details about his ties to Washington, his chances of beating federal case 88-79-CR look dim. The Justice Department and the DEA have launched a full-court press against him, with at least a dozen federal prosecutors and 25 DEA agents working on the case for the past year and a half. Although the State Department long viewed the Noriega indictment as a handy political stick with which to oust a greedy and unsavory ally, the Miami prosecution team sees it as a pure and simple drug case. "The alpha and omega of this case is narcotics trafficking and personal enrichment," says Tom Cash, special agent in charge of the DEA's Miami office. "This case will be based on what Joe Friday in *Dragnet* used to say, 'Just the facts, ma'am.'"

The Flow Goes On



On a routine coastal patrol last week, Panamanian police noticed two dozen shrimp boats clustered near the island of Cébaco, on the Pacific coast. Suspicious, officers boarded one of the craft and discovered two packages containing 15 kg of cocaine. For Néstor Castillo, police chief of Veraguas province, it was a distressingly familiar episode. "In the past year we are getting flooded with cocaine processed in Colombia," he says. "More than ever before."

Panama, with 1,550 miles of scalloped Atlantic and Pacific coastline, remains a major transshipment point for cocaine moving from South America to the U.S. and Europe. A July report by Washington's General Accounting Office claims that even more drugs are moving through Panama today than before the American invasion of December 1989. That is worrisome for the Bush Administration, which had hoped the removal of General Noriega would curtail drug smuggling through Panama.

Noriega's arrest did disrupt the Panamanian operations of Colombia's Medellín cartel, which allegedly paid the general millions of dollars for passage through the isthmus. But the unexpected result, U.S. experts say, is that the rival Cali cartel established a base in Panama and has since inundated the country—along with Mexico, Guatemala and the Caribbean—with vast quantities of cocaine destined for the U.S. and Europe.

Panamanian President Guillermo Endara's nascent antidrug force is starting to score some seizures, thanks to an infusion of U.S. aid, but it remains badly outmanned and outgunned by the *narco-traficantes*. Says a senior official of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration: "The Endara government has had to create a viable antinarcotic unit from nothing. In our view it has done an excellent job."

To assemble those facts, DEA agents have tracked down more than 1,000 leads in Texas, Mexico, Chile, Canada, Germany, France, Belgium and even South Korea. Prosecutors have lined up a formidable rogues' gallery of drug dealers, dope pilots, shady businessmen and former Noriega military cronies to testify against him. The star witness will be Panamanian pilot Floyd Carlton Caceres, who claims he was the general's point man with the Medellín cartel. In addition, six of the 15 men indicted along with Noriega have been convicted and have turned state's evidence in exchange for a promise of leniency.

"General Noriega," grouses Rubino, "has been the greatest get-out-of-jail card ever." Rubino estimates that the government cut as many as 70 special deals to get testimony against the general. Tony Aizpura, the pilot whose plane landed on 1-75, served no time at all, while Noriega's trusted bagman Lieut. Colonel Luis del Cid got his 70-year sentence reduced to a 10-year maximum. Another defendant who is presumably trying to cut a deal is Ricardo Bilonick, a Tulane-educated lawyer who was whisked back from Panama last week to face charges of running cocaine on his Panamanian cargo airline, Inair.

To a number of legal experts, the prosecutors' zeal in pursuing the case has raised troubling questions about America's justice system. Judge Hoeveler has said he is "deeply concerned about the image that this case seems to be acquiring, that the defendant is not going to be able to get a fair trial." Two issues in particular have prompted delays in the proceedings: Noriega's inability to pay lawyers because his bank accounts were frozen, and the taping of his attorney-client phone calls from prison.

The civil liberties aspect of the Noriega case is "unprecedented and somewhat disturbing," says Charles Maechling Jr., a specialist in international law. Lawyers point specifically to Noriega's long pretrial incarceration without an opportunity for bail. Some experts are also worried that Noriega's lawyers haven't fully explored his POW status or the jurisdictional question of kidnapping him and bringing him to Miami to trial. "How would we feel about Libyan squads coming to the U.S. to extract Islamic justice?" wonders Alfred Rubin, professor of international law at Tufts University.

No doubt Bush would have preferred Noriega to follow the Duvaliers and Marcoses into a disgraced if opulent retirement. Instead the Administration will have the general trumpeting his accusations in court for at least the next six months and then through a lengthy appeals process. If there's any consolation for Bush, it is that no one expects Noriega to go free.

—With reporting by

Ricardo Chavira/Washington

CONTROVERSIES

The Provocative Professor

A black historian draws fire for racist and anti-Semitic remarks, but followers defend his Afrocentric theories

By LANCE MORROW

The professor offered the following observations:

- ▶ "Russian Jewry had a particular control over the movies, and their financial partners, the Mafia, put together a financial system of destruction of black people." This was "a conspiracy, planned and plotted and programmed out of Hollywood" by "people called Greenberg and Weisberg and Trigliani..."
- ▶ "Rich Jews" operating in Seville and Lisbon and Hamburg and Newport, R.I., and other cities financed the African slave trade.
- ▶ Whites are "pathological," "dirty," "dastardly, devilish folks."

Leonard Jeffries, chairman of African-American studies at New York's City College, put on a surreal performance. For long stretches of his speech before an Empire State Black Arts and Cultural Festival in Albany last month, Jeffries made an intense and affecting case for blacks to study African history and learn the buried side of their own stories in America. But he kept veering obsessively back into a snarling racism. Strange to watch: the intelligent angels of his nature were wrestling with nasty little cretins. The cretins won a few rounds.

Diane Ravitch, Assistant U.S. Secretary of Education, is a "sophisticated Texas Jew," Jeffries said, "a debonair racist." He repeatedly called her "Miss Daisy." Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who has writ-

ten against Afrocentrism, is "a weakling... slick and devilish." White people, including "very nice white folks," "distort history in what I call racial pathology. They are as diabolical as that." Jeffries sang out falsetto imitations of various Jews and other whites, manic little strokes of mockery and emasculation. Through it all, he invoked the liberating powers of truth. When he was finished, the audience gave him a rather tired standing ovation. He had gone on for almost two hours.

At first, Jeffries' speech escaped wider public attention. Then NY-SCAN, the state's cable-television channel, broadcast the performance, and the New York Post published a long account of it. That set off an indignant debate that had larger implications.

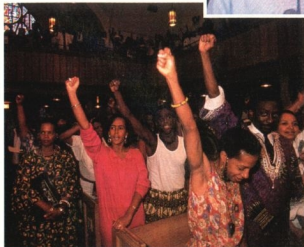
The first question: Are Jeffries' moments of flamboyant malice protected as exercises of academic freedom? New York Governor Mario Cuomo was not sure. First he said Jeffries' rant was "so egregious that the City University ought to take action or explain why it doesn't." Cuomo later backtracked and defended Jeffries' "freedom to abuse [freedom]." New York Times columnist A.M. Rosenthal was not

ambivalent. He placed Jeffries in the dreary international tribe of bigots—Hindus paranoid about Muslims, white South Africans who proclaim black inferiority, Jew baiters everywhere. In the Washington Post, critic Jonathan Yardley wrote, "Talk such as Jeffries engaged in at Albany has nothing to do with 'ideas'—it's bigotry, pure and simple."

But Jeffries had a following well beyond the academic community. When he returned to New York from a trip to Africa last week, nearly 1,000 of his supporters greeted him at John F. Kennedy International Airport—far outnumbering the handful of mostly Jewish protesters who had turned out. One pro-Jeffries placard said, WELCOME HOME, BLACK PRINCE. A supporter declared, "Jeffries is exposing the big white lie." Another added: "The attack on Dr. Jeffries is an attack on Africa. It's an attack on all of us." The placard that received the loudest applause said, WHITE PEOPLE PUT JEWS IN THE OVEN, NOT JEFFRIES. Later in the week, more than 1,000 people showed up at a pro-Jeffries rally in a Brooklyn church, where they cheered a videotape of his speech.

The hating part of Jeffries may not represent the opinions of most American blacks. But a cloud of black-white cultural politics—sometimes ugly, sometimes rather sad—swirls around him. Possibly the professor subscribes to what might be called the Guidelines of Slur Compensation, whereby every vicious, ignorant remark ever uttered over the centuries by a white American may be repaid by a similarly ignorant viciousness mucked back in the opposite direction. Yin and yang—every Black Devil has a mirroring White Devil.

Jeffries serves up outrages of pseudo scholarship that sound sometimes as if they originated in the lodge hall of Amos n' Andy's Mystic Knights of the Sea—a rich



Replays of Jeffries' televised speech won accolades at a Brooklyn rally, but protesters at J.F.K. airport were ready to burn him in effigy

irony in which Jeffries, a black foe of racism, makes himself sound like the Kingfish, a racist invention of whites. Blacks are "sun people," Jeffries explains, and whites are "ice people." New York *Newsday* quoted Jeffries as telling his students last year, "Our thesis is that the sun people, the African family of warm communal hope, meets an antithesis, the vision of ice people, Europeans, colonizers, oppressors, the cold, rigid element in world history." Jeffries believes melanin, the dark skin pigment, gives blacks intellectual and physical superiority over whites.

If Jeffries were a tenured white professor peddling race hate tricked up as learning, would he be more furiously criticized? Or less? Another C.U.N.Y. professor, Michael Levin, has, outside his classroom, preached the racial inferiority of blacks without being dismissed from his post. Perhaps that is because, as a lone academic crank, he speaks for no coherent movement and has no following. Jeffries marches onstage in all the panoply of Afrocentrism.

Afrocentrism is a culturally passionate and sometimes intellectually troubling development that is becoming something like a new religion in the African-American community. During his Albany lecture, Jeffries spoke feelingly about the need for black Americans to look into the past for their heroic selves. One important component of Afrocentric scholarship is a political-cultural exercise that attempts to appropriate the civilization of ancient Egypt as a black African phenomenon. Everyone must have his memories. Saul Bellow wrote once that they "keep the wolf of insignificance from the door." If some scholars doubt that Egypt is the black American's true memory, still, maybe memories can be invented.

The real history of blacks in America, of course, is abundant and rich and suffuses the entire culture: the texture of the U.S. is infinitely more black African than it is French or German or Scottish. And the real history of whites in America is far grimmer than the standard textbook version: it is more than a moral inconvenience that Washington and Jefferson were slave masters, and the national myth has never been rewritten to take full measure of the fact. Indeed, a dirty secret of all humankind is that everyone's roots are primitive and disreputable. The appalling 20th century slaughters accomplished by the European ice people suggest that they have not entirely improved on their cave-dwelling, fur-bearing, head-bashing ancestors.

Perhaps two spiritual imperatives are at war in the conflict over Afrocentrism and American blacks. On one side is everyone's need to make myths. On the other is the absolute necessity to stop lying.

—Reported by Thomas McCarroll/

New York



An Army sergeant grieves for his friend, in the body bag at right, killed by friendly fire in Iraq

GULF WAR

They Didn't Have to Die

Desert Storm's fratricidal casualties point to the need for a better system of friend-or-foe identification

The death of a soldier is always tragic, but never more so than when he is mistakenly cut down by his own comrades. Last week the Pentagon confirmed that 35 of the 145 Americans killed in action during Operation Desert Storm, and 72 of the 467 wounded, were victims of "friendly fire." Moreover, U.S. fire destroyed seven M1A1 tanks and 20 of the 25 Bradley Fighting Vehicles lost in battle, and even raked the battleship *Missouri*. All told, the rate of so-called fratricidal casualties among U.S. troops was 10 times as high as in any other battle recorded during this century.

How could the same high-tech fighting force that plucked enemy missiles out of the sky and sent smart bombs down the Iraqi Air Ministry's ventilation shaft also inflict such carnage on its own troops? The answer lies partly in the circumstances of this particular campaign and partly in the nature of modern warfare. In the words of Marine Corps Lieut. General Martin Brandtner, the Pentagon briefer, the abnormal level of friendly-fire incidents was due to "a combination of featureless desert terrain; large, complex and fast-moving formations; fighting in rain, darkness and low visibility; and the ability to engage targets from long range."

Visibility was a key factor. Not only were there more critical nighttime encounters than ever before, but during heavily overcast days troops relied on infrared heat-sensitive imaging devices that provide only a fuzzy image at great distances.

Though the M1A1's new 120-mm cannon was found to be lethal at 3,500 yds., for example, targets were difficult to identify at that range through the infrared optics. Paradoxically, the very effectiveness of America's modern precision-guided munitions made them far more murderous than Iraqi fire when aimed at the wrong target. On one occasion, a depleted-uranium 120-mm cannon round penetrated and exited an Iraqi tank chassis and still had enough power to inflict casualties on a nearby American unit. The laser guidance system on the Hellfire missile, fired from Apache helicopters, almost never missed and accounted for one of the killed Bradley vehicles.

A more basic explanation for the friendly-fire accidents, however, is the failure of all the military services to come to grips with the Identification Friend-or-Foe problem. In 1980 the Pentagon established a joint-services IFF development program at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton; a decade later, there is not much to show for it.

The Desert Storm casualties give these efforts a new urgency. After Army helicopters fired on Marine vehicles in the Khafji battle early in the gulf war, American forces resorted to crude measures like taping inverted *I's* on friendly vehicles and installing tiny transmitter beacons. But the U.S. has yet to meet the technical challenge of deploying an IFF system that cannot be emulated or neutralized by enemy forces.

—By Bruce van Voorst/Washington

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INNOVATIONS

Musical Chairs in Maryland

The Governor gets his cabinet to swap jobs for a month. The payoff: renewed vigor, fresh ideas—and less red tape.

By BONNIE ANGELO

Even before she had a chance to take over the Maryland Governor's chair last month, Shaila Aery confronted her first crisis: two guards held hostage in a state prison uprising. Aery remembers thinking, "Where can I hide?" Fortunately the real Governor, William Donald Schaefer, alerted to the emergency, was already at his desk. But for Aery, normally secretary of higher education, it was a dramatic introduction to a unique job-swapping scheme in which the Governor ordered state Cabinet officials to exchange portfolios every morning for a month, then write reports and suggestions based on their experiences.

Schaefer, who moved temporarily to the department of human resources, is proud of his shake-up. Taking over a Cabinet colleague's desk, he believes, brings in fresh eyes and can inject new ideas into stale bureaucracy. He devised the plan while he was mayor of Baltimore from 1971 to 1987 because the city's departments "did not know they were interdependent." When he first proposed the idea to city officials, he recalls, "they thought it was silly. But the second time we got good results."

State officials were no less skeptical the first time Schaefer scrambled the chairs of 31 Cabinet members three years ago. Even this year, there was some foot dragging. "I bitched my head off, but it was an eye opener for everybody," says director of public relations Lanny LeBow, who also went to the human resources department. "I'll be the first to sign up next time." Some of the officials grumbled over the added hours, but most of their anxiety was about outsiders' big-footing on their territory. Everybody in Annapolis remembers the last swap, in 1988, when housing secretary Jacqueline Rogers was sent over to the planning department and promptly recommended that it be dissolved. Within a year it was gone, folded into the budget office. This year, when Rogers showed up for a stint as the head of the budget office, officials there rolled out the red carpet and solicited her advice on devis-

ing a new format for budget documents.

Marylanders have learned to expect the unexpected from Schaefer, a Democrat who is serving his second four-year term. A 69-year-old bachelor with a hot temper and a flair for the flamboyant, he made headlines in February by granting clemency to eight women convicted of murdering men who had abused them. In the notoriously corrupt politics of Maryland, he remains squeaky clean, an unpolished zircon who spends as many nights in the working-class row house he has lived in all his life as he does in the 53-room official mansion that was redecorated by his close friend of 35 years, Hilda Mae Snoops.

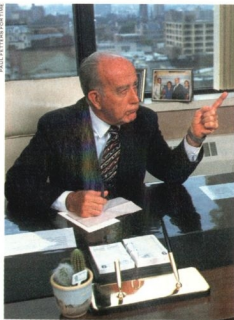
Despite a long career in local and state government, Schaefer has never developed a tolerance for red tape. During his temporary stewardship at the department of human resources last month, he encountered the kind of bureaucratic bottleneck that irks him. An office had run out of food-stamp forms. "I asked why," says the Governor, "especially since the forms came from an office not 20 feet away." A clerk told him they were "supposed to come through the system," at which Schaefer snapped, "Why don't you just walk over and get them?" She did. On a more sympathetic note, Schaefer showed his concern for congenial working conditions at the department by rearranging furniture in an office that he found "dull and unattractive,"

and by suggesting that its occupant bring a lamp from home to brighten up the place. Marvels Schaefer: "They took all my suggestions."

Not surprising. But the Governor, for his part, is also giving serious consideration to the proposals his colleagues are submitting to him. At least one acting agency head, dismayed by what he found, will recommend "sweeping changes" in the offices he visited. Another department head, Martin Walsh of general services, came away from a month in juvenile services—"an area that was a real void for me"—eager to help that overburdened agency compete for what he calls "the scarce bucks."

The most politically sensitive report will come from Daryl Plevy, the Governor's director of legal and labor issues, who spent her month at the department of health and mental hygiene. Plevy, appalled by the extreme understaffing she encountered in the maximum-security ward of a hospital for the criminally insane, has already taken action to cut red tape on personnel matters. But her report will raise other prickly questions. "Resources are limited," she says. "Should we pay for AZT when you know it will only make that one better for a while, or should we use that money for prevention? Should Medicaid pay to keep comatose patients alive indefinitely? This gets us into really tough choices."

Schaefer rates his latest swap at the top a clear success, with high marks for the first sit-in Governor, Shaila Aery. He concurred with her advice to stay away from the prison during last month's hostage crisis. The strategy worked: after 23 hours the guards were quietly freed.



Governor Schaefer moved into human resources while higher-education secretary Shaila Aery claimed his desk

MYSTERIES

The Man Who Knew Too Much?

A writer looking into a tangle of conspiracies is found in a hotel room, his wrists slashed. The verdict is suicide. Or was it murder?

Joseph Daniel Casolaro believed he was on to a big story. He also thought it might be a dangerous one. Just a few weeks ago, the free-lance writer told his family in Fairfax, Va., that someone might try to kill him and make it look like an accident. On Aug. 10 he was found dead in a hotel room in Martinsburg, W. Va., where he had gone to meet an unnamed source. There were slash marks around his wrists and a note near his body. It read in part, "I'm sorry, especially to my son." The official verdict: suicide.

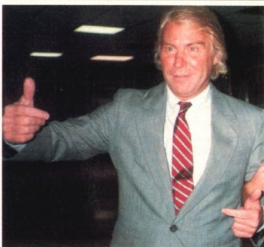
Last week West Virginia authorities were taking a second look. Relatives and friends are insisting that Casolaro, 44, might have been murdered in connection with a book he was writing. In recent months he had been looking into the eight-year legal battle between the Justice Department and Inslaw, Inc., a computer software company based in Washington. Inslaw executives charge that Reagan Administration officials pirated their software, designed for law-enforcement purposes, then sold it. Casolaro believed the Inslaw affair was just part of a much deeper tangle of intrigues that he called "the Octopus." They included the Iran-contras arms deals and operations of the renegade bank B.C.C.I.

In addition to his claims of high-level conspiracy, Casolaro did research that put him on the trail of some dangerous char-

acters. A key part of his investigations, for example, centered on gambling and attempted arms deals at the Cabezon Indian reservation near Indio, Calif. One figure in Casolaro's proposed book would have been John Philip Nichols, a financial adviser to the Cabezon, who was sentenced to four years in prison in 1985 for attempting to hire a man to kill two people.

After a few hours of investigation into Casolaro's death, local police took his body to a funeral parlor. The body was immediately embalmed—though police had not reached his family to get permission. That only heightened his family's suspicions. "I don't think Danny was depressed," insists his brother Anthony, an Arlington, Va., physician, who says Casolaro was convinced that he had succeeded in tying the Inslaw case into "the Octopus." "My sense was that he was very excited."

But Casolaro may have had a motive for suicide. In recent months he had been badly in need of money and spoke of refinancing his house. Just before he died, his book proposal was rejected by Little, Brown, the New York City-based publisher that he considered his best hope for getting his



Was Casolaro pursued by killers—or his own troubles?

work printed. Little, Brown publisher Roger Donald told the writer that his conspiracy notion was not sufficiently well supported by the evidence he advanced.

After Casolaro's family raised questions, West Virginia authorities performed an autopsy, which found no signs on his body of a physical struggle. But because the body had been embalmed, pathologists may have had difficulty detecting any foreign substances in Casolaro's blood. "We're not ruling out foul play," said Dr. James Frost, deputy medical examiner, "but I have no evidence of it at this time." Former Attorney General Elliot Richardson, now an attorney for Inslaw, called last week for a federal probe of Casolaro's death. Perhaps nothing less will put to rest the questions that surround it: Did Casolaro know too much about a shady operation? Or did he know too much about himself?

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Jay Peterzell/Washington

SERIAL KILLERS

Going for The Record

A self-confessed murderer claims 60 victims, but police are skeptical

Did he or didn't he? That's what cops want to know about Donald Leroy Evans, 34, a drifter from Galveston, Texas, who claims to have murdered 60 people in a 10-year rampage across 20 states. If true, the boast would make Evans the nation's most prolific serial killer. But police and FBI investigators are skeptical, and began a thorough investigation last week.

The case came to light two weeks ago—just as Milwaukee mass-murderer Jeffrey Dahmer was making headlines—when Louisiana police arrested Evans. He told

them he had kidnapped, raped and strangled Beatrice Routh, a 10-year-old homeless girl, on Aug. 1. As proof, he led police to her body in a grassy field off a rural Mississippi highway. Last week a murder charge in the Routh case was filed against Evans in Mississippi. Federal kidnapping charges will follow this week.

At this point, only Evans knows for sure how many people he killed. But there are indications that Routh was not his only victim. According to his court-appointed attorney, Fred Lusk, Evans has told police about two prostitutes he claims to have killed in Florida in 1985. Pieces of evidence gathered in Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach, Lusk said, "basically match in detail what Evans told investigators." Evans says that most of his



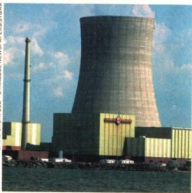
Donald Leroy Evans

victims were women, and that he strangled and sexually assaulted many of them. He claims that he can lead investigators to "every one" of his victims.

"It's hard to say what kind of person Donald Leroy Evans is," said Lusk. "He fits your description of a middle-aged Caucasian with above-average intelligence." A 1987 psychiatric evaluation quoted in the

Washington Post found Evans to be suffering from a "lifelong history of behavioral difficulties and frank mental illness." Evans, who has been hospitalized for psychiatric treatment and once attempted to commit suicide, has a lengthy arrest record. Sentenced to 15 years in prison for sexual assault in 1986, he was released on parole last April. His main wish now, said his attorney, is to receive the death penalty.

AMERICAN NOTES



The Nine Mile Point power plant

NUCLEAR POWER

Down for the Count

A sudden power failure struck New York State's Nine Mile Point Nuclear Station like a sucker punch last week, knocking out vital instruments and warning lights. When backup power systems also failed, operators were unable to monitor the reactor core for 20 chilling minutes. "It was like losing your

speedometer, dashboard lights and headlights when you're going down the road at 70," said Peter Slocum, a spokesman for the State Disaster Preparedness Commission. Plant officials declared a "site area emergency," the second highest level of alert under federal regulations. It was only the third time such an emergency has been declared in the U.S.

Although the three-year-old plant on Lake Ontario, some 40 miles northwest of Syracuse, was shut down safely with no release of radiation, critics are demanding that the plant be closed for good. Until June, Nine Mile Point had been on the Nuclear Regulatory Commission's list of troubled plants. Last week a team from the NRC began an investigation of the shutdown. Said NRC spokesman Joseph Fouchard: "We've got a lot of work to do."

BASEBALL

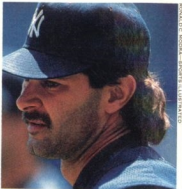
Clip 'Em or Ship 'Im!

The Republic is in ruins! Don Mattingly—six-time All-Star first baseman for the New York Yankees, captain of a once proud baseball team, Gotham's nicest guy—was benched last week because his not very long hair was too long to suit the Yankee brass. Like a dean's list student sent to the principal's office for chewing bubble gum, Mattingly, 30, was told he wouldn't be in the lineup until he looked like a West Point cadet. Some speculated that Mattingly was being punished for saying he wanted to be traded.

For the past two decades the Yankees have been a fun-house mirror of American society—from the early '70s, when a couple of players swapped wives, to the long, sad reign of boss

George Steinbrenner, who was accused of bullying his rich, ornery employees.

The papers don't have Steinbrenner to kick around anymore, so they made do with "Hair Today, Gone Tomorrow" jokes. No joke: Mattingly was back in the lineup the next night—but only after promising to get shorn. A \$250 fine was rescinded. It would have been no big deal anyway for a \$3.86 million-a-year man.



Splitting hairs: Will he make the cut?

EDUCATION

Back to Square One

In many American cities, young black men are a group in critical condition, growing up into lives of poverty, crime and early death. In an attempt to stem that tide, the board of education in Detroit—where black males have a 54% dropout rate—decided to establish three all-male public schools. Open to all races but focused chiefly on black students, they were to feature high academic standards, strict discipline and a stress on African-American history.

But the Detroit scheme hit a

roadblock just weeks before school started, when the A.C.L.U. and the now Legal Defense and Education Fund filed a lawsuit on behalf of a Detroit mother with three daughters. The suit argued that the plan would deny girls the right to an equal education. Not incidentally, black girls in Detroit have a 45% dropout rate. Last week U.S. District Judge George E. Woods agreed and ordered school officials to come up with a program to accommodate both sexes. "The young adolescent black male is most definitely an endangered species in this community," said Woods. "But the board has not shown the presence of girls would harm the learning of boys."



F-16 engine: padded invoices and diverted funds

SCANDALS

GE Brings Bad Things to Light

There are at least two things that Israelis like to think they can lean on: their military, and the \$1.8 billion they receive annually from the U.S. to buy arms. Both pillars trembled when the Justice Department, in a Cincinnati lawsuit unsealed last week, accused General Electric Co. of conspiring with Israeli General Rami Dotan to defraud Washington of \$30 million in U.S. military aid by padding invoices and charging for work that was never done. Last March, Dotan was sentenced to 13 years in prison for his role in

the scam, which investigators believe diverted into his bank accounts money earmarked for the purchase of F-16 engines.

GE, which is conducting its own investigation, has dismissed the engine division's international sales manager. But the company criticized Chester Walsh, the executive who exposed the scheme under a federal law that protects and rewards whistle-blowers, grousing that he should have reported his suspicions to the company first. Walsh may eventually be able to shrug off his bosses' disapproval. If the charges stick, he could receive as much as 30% of the amount recovered by the government from his company.

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to you that you have no
really is, which gets
the guy hauling**



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World



MIDDLE EAST

Let's Do a Deal

Everyone seems to be demanding something for the Western hostages. But can any solution satisfy all sides?

By JILL SMOLOWE

As negotiations proceeded fitfully last week, the deadly sport of Hide the Hostage began to resemble a sophisticated version of the children's game Operator. Each party to the negotiations, whether dealing openly or behind the scenes, relayed its demands to Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, The U.N. Secretary-General transmitted each message to a third party, who in turn cried, "Operator!" requesting that the communication be repeated, clarified or amplified. Pérez de Cuéllar then went back to the first party, bearing new details, fresh analysis and cajoling reassurances.

While all this had the promising feel of an end game, the negotiations proceeded at a frustratingly slow pace, and no one could tell if a settlement was days or weeks away—or possibly stalemated altogether. With so many circuits buzzing at once, there was ample room for misunderstanding, misinterpretation and plain old mischief. Was the tally of Western hostages 11 or 10 (is

British journalist Alec Collett dead?) or nine (is Italian businessman Alberto Molinari dead as well?)? The estimated number of Arabs imprisoned in Europe fluctuated between 19 and 23. One day, the 9,000 or so Palestinians detained in Israel in connection with the nearly four-year-old *intifadeh* were not a factor; the next, they were added to the equation, and their numbers were inflated to 18,000 to boot.

Despite the conflicting signals, the outlines of a deal began to emerge. The pivotal player was Israel, which insisted on a strict accounting of the whereabouts of seven missing servicemen but promised to be "very flexible" about the terms for trading its Arab prisoners in southern Lebanon that would in turn spring the release of the Western captives. Jerusalem offered a two-step plan. In phase one, Israel would release about 50 Shi'ites after receiving a full report on its soldiers, verifiable by either videotape or international observers. The second stage would see the release of the remaining Shi'ite detainees (is the total 375, as Israel maintains, or more than 400, as others

claim?), including the south Lebanon spiritual leader Sheik Abdul Karim Obeid. In exchange, Israel would retrieve its surviving soldiers and the remains of the rest. Israeli officials offered on Saturday to allow the Red Cross to visit Sheik Obeid if it is also given access to Israelis in Arab custody.

Since neither the Bush Administration nor any European government wants to be perceived as bargaining with kidnappers, they made no overt demand about the timing of the Western hostages' release. But plainly the West expects its captives to be freed during one of those two phases.

While the contours of the deal seemed clear, the mechanics posed nettlesome questions. Among the most vexing was a condition contained in the letter former British hostage John McCarthy brought to Pérez de Cuéllar from Islamic Jihad, a fundamentalist Shi'ite faction, operating under the banner of the pro-Iranian Hizbullah, that holds several Westerners. It called for "the release of our freedom fighters from prisons in occupied Palestine and Europe." To whom that referred was any-

ARAB TERRORISTS JAILED IN EUROPE



THE PALESTINIANS: Israel refuses to release the thousands detained in the occupied territories



THE ISRAELIS: Were they stuffed inside trunks, a

body's guess—and for whom Islamic Jihad presumed to speak was no more apparent. Was this a bargaining point or an implacable demand?

As Pérez de Cuéllar attempted to untangle that knot, he also dealt with the immediate question of Israel's seven MIAs. Jerusalem vowed to release no prisoners until it had concrete information about the soldiers' whereabouts. In turn, a senior Hizballah source in Beirut warned, "No more Westerners will be released until Israel frees at least some prisoners."

So where are the Israeli soldiers? How many of them are still alive? And whose answers to those questions can be trusted? Hizballah asserted last week that three of the servicemen are still alive. A Westerner who has served as an intermediary in hostage negotiations said he believed that only airman Ron Arad has survived his captivity. When those contradictory statements were coupled with the disparate claims emanating from Iran and Syria about the Israeli soldiers, the overriding impression was that no one source could account authoritatively for all seven.

Another factor that could scotch a settlement is the imprisonment in Germany of two Lebanese brothers, Mohammed and Abbas Hammadi. Tried and jailed for, respectively, the 1985 TWA hijacking and the abduction of two German relief workers, the Hammadis are an unpredictable wild card in the hostage negotiations. The Hammadi family claims to hold the two Germans hostage and has warned the leadership of Hizballah, to which it belongs, that they will not go free until the imprisoned brothers are released.

After an initial tart response that Germany "will not be blackmailed," Bonn

lapsed into silence. Germany's refusal to swap convicted criminals for kidnapped hostages is well known, and any second thoughts would undoubtedly be checked by pressure from Washington, especially since Mohammed Hammadi was convicted for his role in the 1985 TWA skyjacking, which resulted in the murder of U.S. Navy diver Robert Stethem. How critical the Hammadis will prove in any final settlement remains uncertain. While Hizballah has asserted that it wants the brothers back, it is possible that the demand is merely a noisy tactic designed to wrest concessions and appease the powerful Hammadi clan.

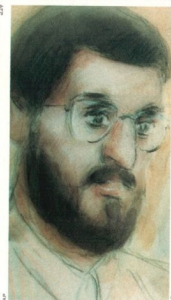
Several other potential stumbling blocks exist. Islamic Jihad's call for "the release of all detainees around the world," if serious, may bring at least seven other European countries into the negotiations. Five Arab terrorists are held in Britain, two in France, two in Greece, five in Italy, three in Spain, three in Sweden and one in Switzerland. Most of these men have been convicted of crimes; the others are awaiting trial for acts ranging from the importation of explosives to the 1985 hijacking of the cruise ship *Achille Lauro*. Pérez de Cuéllar signaled that the release of any of these prisoners would not be considered; he called them a "legal problem," as distinct from the "political problem" of the hostages.

Tehran has put in an unconvincing bid for the release of four Iranians who have been missing in Lebanon since the 1982 Israeli invasion. The Lebanese government has steadily maintained that all four are dead. In addition, although Hizballah hinted privately last week that its vague demand for the release of the thousands of

Palestinians detained by Israel during the uprising in the occupied territories was just a bargaining ploy that could be dropped, Ahmed Jibril, a radical Palestinian leader with strong ties to Syria, specifically called for their release. A senior British diplomat warns, "It's impossible to tell whether he was speaking for himself, his group, the Palestine Liberation Organization or all of them."

General Antoine Lahd, commander of the South Lebanon Army militia, weighed in with a requirement that nine of his militiamen held by Hizballah be released or accounted for. Lahd holds the keys to El Khiam prison in southern Lebanon, where Israel detains 350 of the Shi'ites sought by Islamic Jihad—though Israel would probably make him unlock the door if its soldiers are recovered. Damascus has also put in a bid for the release of an unspecified number of Syrian soldiers it claims were detained by Israel in the Golan Heights.

With so many competing claims, it is impossible to predict when the dealmaking will conclude. Yet despite the various complications, there are several promising signs. Kidnappers and victimized nations alike seem eager to find a solution, particularly before the Middle East peace conference that is expected to be convened in October. From their distant captivity, some of the Western hostages sent word through recently released hostages that even they believe an end to their ordeal is finally at hand. Perhaps most promising of all, Pérez de Cuéllar—the point man in all of this—is increasingly tight-lipped. As diplomats know, when negotiations are truly moving forward, the dealmakers usually have less and less to say. —Reported by William Mader/London and Lara Marlowe/Beirut



- Britain: 5. The most notorious is Nezar Hindawi, sentenced to 45 years for trying to blow up an El Al Boeing 747.
- France: 2. Includes George Ibrahim Abdallah of Lebanon, who conspired to murder a U.S. diplomat.
- Greece: 2. Both Palestinian guerrillas.
- Italy: 5. Four are Palestinians who hijacked the *Achille Lauro*.
- Spain: 3. Lebanese Shi'ites, all connected with importing explosives.
- Sweden: 3. All of them Palestinians.
- Switzerland: 1. Lebanon's Mohammed Hariri, sentenced to life.

Exploring the Tea Bag Factor

Emotional and intellectual traits are crucial to how well people survive the hot water of captivity

By ANASTASIA TOUFEXIS

When American hostage Edward Tracy emerged from nearly five years of captivity in Lebanon last week, every minute of his confinement seemed to be graven in his body and spirit. Though he declared himself "in perfect health" and "ready to do the 100-yard dash," he appeared weary, bewildered and at times incoherent. He reportedly denied that Edward Tracy was his real name, claimed he was 63 though his birth certificate makes him 60, and hoped his "wives would rise from the dead" even though he has married but once and his ex-wife is still living. At the U.S. Air Force hospital in Wiesbaden, Germany, where he was first taken, and in Boston where he checked into a VA hospital at midweek, Tracy remained secluded.

In dramatic contrast, John McCarthy, who was also held for five years, bounced back into freedom looking as if he had just been away for the weekend. Trim and fit, the 34-year-old Briton fielded questions with grace and humor and seemed more than ready to resume his private life and even his public duties as a television reporter. Back in Britain at the Royal Air Force base in Lyneham, McCarthy took time out from being examined to deliver a letter from his captors to the U.N. Secretary-General, tootle around the base in a borrowed car and take a spin in a flight simulator. Everywhere he went he waved cheerily.

What accounts for the apparent difference in the two men's physical and mental condition? How well hostages cope with captivity depends partly on how long and how roughly they are held. The more brutal the conditions, the more brutalized the body and mind. Tracy and McCarthy suffered much the same deprivations, and were also both beaten and threatened with death. For some of their imprisonment they were chained and blindfolded, and each spent time in harrowing solitary confinement.

But survival also depends on the physical and psychological resources hostages bring to the ordeal. Youth is an advantage in weathering physical hardships. More crucial, however, are a person's emotional and intellectual traits. "It really depends on what you came in with, what your life experience has been," stresses Bruce Lain-

gen, who a decade ago was held hostage in Iran for 444 days. "Human beings are like tea bags. You don't know your own strength until you get into hot water."

More resilient hostages have a firm sense of identity, self-confidence and optimism. They tend to hold strong beliefs, political or religious. And they have stable ties to family and friends, which give them a reason to live and comfort that they have not been forgotten. In captivity they are able to forge new bonds with other hostages and often

EDWARD TRACY

Age 60

Has not seen his mother in 26 years

Lived in 10 countries before settling in Lebanon

Held assorted jobs, from running a beer hall to selling books



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES HAMILTON



PHOTO BY JAMES HAMILTON

JOHN MCCARTHY

Age 34

Has close family ties

Lived in Britain

Had a stable career as a TV journalist

make sacrifices for the others' benefit. Says psychologist Julius Segal, a former director of the National Institute of Mental Health: "Prisoners have told me that the best thing you can do in captivity is share that last morsel of food. It brings you outside of yourself."

Hardy hostages have a vivid imagination, which helps them withstand the tedium of confinement and restores some sense of control over their lives. Such prisoners invent new games or languages, retrace a journey, or set aside a specific time

of the day for positive fantasizing. Psychiatrist Frank Ochberg, a clinical professor at Michigan State University, recalls two men who were kidnapped by terrorists for nearly 19 weeks: "The one who came out in excellent condition had designed buildings in his head and planned exotic menus at various restaurants. His cellmate, who lacked that ability, was in much worse shape."

These same factors affect how quickly a hostage will readjust to freedom. Re-entering the world can be as rude a shock as leaving it. In a flash, hostages go from solitude to spotlight, from having no choices to having too many, from being deprived of all stimulation to being bombarded. Said Tracy on once again seeing a tree and hearing a plane: "I am amazed and baffled by it." Prisoners often need time alone after their release, because they are not used to being the center of attention and they want to sort out their feelings. Sometimes they have to deal with devastating news. McCarthy's mother died two years ago.

By most measures, McCarthy seems to have strengths to draw on. Family and colleagues describe him as a fun-loving young man who was close to his parents and elder

brother. "He's a born optimist, a fighter, with a huge zest for life," says his father Patrick. That description is echoed by former cellmate Brian Keenan, an Irishman who was released last year. Says Keenan: "He is the daftest, craziest man I ever met." And a marvelous mimic too: "I never knew if I was playing dominoes against Sigmund Freud or Peter Sellers. Without him I don't think I would have made it."

Tracy on the other hand has led a chaotic existence, wandering through 10 countries before settling in Lebanon in 1976 and doing everything from writing poetry to selling books. Tracy has not been to Vermont to see his mother Doris, now 83, in 26 years.

Tracy's mental condition before his kidnapping is unclear. His ex-wife has reported receiving some odd letters from him, including one in which he said he was "the father of 5,000 motorcycles." His doctors have revealed that Tracy was treated in the past for psychological difficulties, but they say he is in better shape than expected and retains a robust sense of humor.

Among hostages so far, McCarthy seems especially fortunate, but no one should suppose that he has escaped unscathed. "His family and friends think they have him back, but that is an illusion," says psychologist James Thompson of the University College of London. "They have a close relative of his back."

—With reporting by William Mader/
London and Linda Williams/New York

Terrorism Changes Its Spots

As Middle Eastern governments edge away from the most radical gangs, experts focus on homegrown violence

By BRUCE W. NELAN

The Shi'ite fundamentalists are down to a handful of Western hostages, and hope is growing that there will soon be none. Years have passed since innocent air travelers were massacred in a departure lounge or held at gunpoint for days on a baking tarmac. No truck bombs have created havoc for many months. Is it safe to conclude that the tide has turned, that terrorism is going out of style?

Probably not, as long as there are people prepared to pursue their grievances with violence. But the climate for terrorism has certainly changed. Some of the most infamous offenders—the Palestinians and Arab radicals who perpetrated shocking outrages from the early 1970s to the mid-1980s—have largely lost their governmental support. Iran, Syria, Libya and Iraq are less willing—or less able—to provide them with money, equipment and support for their operations. What has become known as state-sponsored terrorism is, at least for now, on the wane.

"They haven't all stopped for the same reasons," says a Western analyst based in the Middle East, "but there is a basket of reasons that affects them all." Syria and Iran found themselves on the same side as the U.S. in the gulf war, and their need for foreign investment is a powerful incentive to stop sponsoring violence.

The Tehran government, which originally organized and subsidized Lebanon's Hizballah, had already been leaning westward, however grudgingly. President Hashemi Rafsanjani wants increased trade, especially from Europe, to help rebuild an economy destroyed by eight years of war with Iraq. By turning away from radicals abroad, he can also undercut his extremist domestic rival, Ali Akbar Mohtashemi, Hizballah's godfather.

Syria, facing the future without its own longtime sponsor, the Soviet Union, also needs friends in the West and has signed on to the U.S. plan for a regional peace conference. President Hafez Assad has apparently decided to move to negotiations in hopes of reclaiming the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights. "He can do that a lot more effectively through diplomacy than terrorism," says a Western official.

Allied bombs and the hostility of the Arab world have knocked Iraq out of the game for the foreseeable future, though Saddam Hussein's willingness to strike back if he can should not be underestimated. Libya—also chastened by U.S. bombs five years ago—is conducting what the U.S.

State Department calls a "charm offensive." Even so, President Muammar Gaddafi still provides bases and support for Abu Nidal and other terrorists.

The collapse of communism in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union's preoccupation with its internal crisis helped deflate some terrorist groups. Moscow directly or indirectly supported many radical factions for years, says Hans Josef Horchheim, director of the Institute for Terrorism Research in Bonn, but "now it is almost out of business and has little influence."

Terror organizations with a Marxist-Leninist ideology are also in trouble because their political dogma has been so discredited that they are losing members and morale. The Japanese Red Army, which launched a series of bloody attacks in the 1970s, is down to 20 members. Germany's Red Army Faction is a similar example, though its small remaining core group can still inflict serious pain. R.A.F. assassins have killed two leading German financiers since December 1989.

In fact, terrorism of that type—the work of nationalist or anarchist groups inside one country—is not declining as significantly. Such bands, says Israel's leading terrorism expert, Ariel Merari of Tel Aviv University, do not have the means to gather intelligence, forge documents or handle complex explosive devices. "They don't have the manpower to stage attacks that cause a lot of international commotion," he says. But they can and do wreak considerable damage.

These domestic terrorists may be the wave of the future. Officials in Europe, Asia and the U.S. believe local violence is bound to increase. The Balkan states and Eastern Europe, with their rising, angry nationalisms, will provide fertile ground. Experts of the Counterterrorism Study Group in Washington say that the Armenian Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia has mounted three terrorist attacks inside the U.S.S.R. since the end of the gulf war. Others single out the murderous Sendero Luminoso (Shining Path) in Peru, which makes violence against civilians a part of its guerrilla campaigns.

Western Europe cannot afford to be euphoric either. Besides the Red Army Faction, the Irish Republican Army is still grimly at work. So is the Basque separatist E.T.A., busily planting bombs as Spain prepares to welcome millions of visitors to the 1992 Summer Olympic Games in Barcelona and the World's Fair in Seville. Even if state-sponsored terrorism fades, much of the world is likely to be as perilous as ever. —Reported by James O. Jackson/Bonn and Robert Slater/Jerusalem

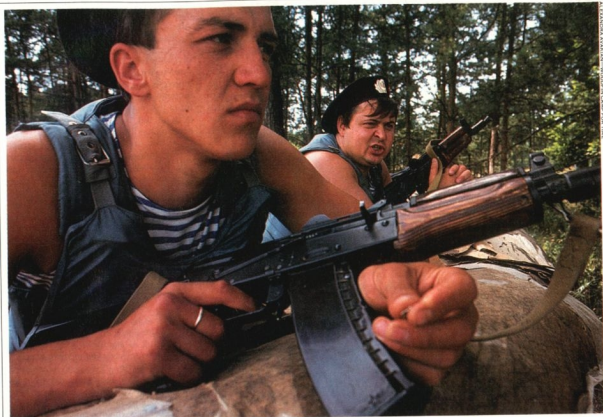


The worst of days: the American embassy in Beirut, 1983



Outrages of 1985: a hijacked airliner in Beirut and, below, the Achille Lauro safe in Genoa





Sentries from a Black Beret unit in a bunker guarding the road to their base near Vilnius: "We're always ready to fight"

SOVIET UNION

Agents of Intimidation

The Black Berets have taken charge of perpetuating Soviet rule, but fears grow that Moscow has lost control of them

By JAMES CARNEY VILNIUS

Protected by a sandbag bunker, Anatoli Seryak peers down the barrel of his rifle, scanning passing cars in the Lithuanian capital of Vilnius for drive-by snipers. He is one of two men on forward sentry duty for OMON, a paramilitary unit of the Soviet Interior Ministry. Nearby, an armored personnel carrier stands guard in front of the unit's fortified headquarters. Two more sentries pace the roof. "If they try anything, there won't be a problem," says Seryak, 33, his trademark black beret tilted high on his forehead. "We're always ready to fight."

The OMON base was the Lithuanian police academy until soldiers loyal to Moscow took it by force in January. Now the building looks like a command post in a war zone, and those who inhabit it view

themselves as besieged defenders of the Soviet empire. In its unofficial role as armed protector of the republic's non-Lithuanian minorities, many of whom fear Baltic independence, the OMON unit has become a kind of partisan brigade determined to prevent Lithuania's secession at all costs. "We are drawn together by our attitude to the fu-

ture of Lithuania and the Soviet Union," says Major Boleslav Makutinovich, commander of the unit. "When others talk to us of independence, we say people are only independent in the graveyard."

To a majority of Lithuanians, though, Seryak and his colleagues are not heroprotectors but agents of repression. One newspaper has dubbed them "angels of death in black berets." Ever since Soviet army paratroopers stormed the television tower in Vilnius in January, killing 15 unarmed civilian demonstrators, OMON has been waging a campaign of intimidation against the democratically elected leadership of the republic. The same is true in

BOLESлав MAKUTINOVICH

At 33, Boleslav Makutinovich, the commander of the Vilnius OMON unit, looks 10 years older. "To some I am a hero," he says. "Others call me a murderer and want to spit in my face. But I am just doing my duty" to enforce Soviet law. "We don't want to spill blood." But if a clash does come, he says, the Black Berets will be ready "to defend our position to the end. This is our homeland. We will not go anywhere." He says he has the authority to carry out some missions without consulting his Interior Ministry superiors, none of whom "has the right to keep me from fulfilling the laws of the U.S.S.R. or the decrees of the Soviet President." He concedes that he is "not completely satisfied" with Kremlin policy. What if the order comes to disband? "Even if we receive such an order, it simply will not be fulfilled," Makutinovich declares. "Such an order is possible, but who will carry it out?" he asks. "In my opinion, no one."



neighboring Latvia, where Black Berets raided the republic's interior ministry in Riga, leaving five people dead. In their zeal to enforce the Soviet constitution and the presidential decrees of Mikhail Gorbachev, OMON forces have subsequently carried out a series of surprise attacks, seizing buildings, ransacking customs posts and, on several occasions, shooting at people who got in their way.

The first OMON (standing for Special Assignment Militia Detachment) unit was created in 1987 to fight the rise in organized crime across the country. The following year, it took on the task of policing large demonstrations, ostensibly to provide riot control. Today there are 35 OMON units in the U.S.S.R., representing a total force of about 10,000 men, all of them answering to local authorities. The exceptions are the units in Lithuania and Latvia, which are supposedly commanded directly by Moscow as well as by the Soviet Interior Ministry forces stationed in the Baltics.

The Kremlin has frequently denied authorizing violent or disruptive OMON operations, fueling speculation that OMON units are really taking orders from Communist Party hardliners and secret conservative groups in the Baltics. When Black Berets seized the Lithuanian telephone exchange in early July, cutting off external communications for more than two hours, Gorbachev's spokesman suggested that "someone was trying to spoil" the Soviet President's visit to London for the G-7 summit. Accepting responsibility, Makutinovich said the operation was aimed at the confiscation of illegally held weapons. In a sign of official displeasure, the major was promptly summoned to Moscow for a conference with his superiors. But he is now back at his post.

Inside OMON headquarters, Makutinovich's men go on preparing for a showdown. Some train in hand-to-hand combat and martial arts while others nap in cots, their black berets hanging from posts at their feet. They call each other by nicknames drawn from American action and horror movies: Rambo, Ninja, Krueger. Lieut. Vitali Belkin, commander of one of the five squads that make up the 150-strong unit, says the struggle with the Lithuanian government has already passed the point of compromise. "I don't doubt there will be bloodshed," he says. "Civil war is inevitable."

After a winter of violent confrontation, the atmosphere had begun to calm as spring turned into summer. Then, on July 31, eight Lithuanians manning a customs post on the border with Belorussia were shot in the head. Seven died; the eighth is

still fighting for his life in a hospital. The Lithuanian government immediately blamed the Black Berets, who have been accused of attacking and burning down more than 20 Baltic customs posts this year. In a law passed last March, the Soviet parliament banned the establishment of independent border posts, making them convenient targets in OMON's campaign to enforce Soviet law.

The executions near the village of Medininkai did not bear the stamp of a Black Beret operation; in previous assaults

Vitas says he wants nothing to do with independence. "The Soviet Union is the world I was born in and the world I grew up in," he explains. "It's the only world I know, and I will defend it to the end."

Independence-minded Lithuanians fear that the Kremlin, paralyzed by its own political battles, has lost control of the Black Berets. Some Soviet officials say that Gorbachev is pressuring the Interior Ministry to rein in or disband the Baltic OMON units. "There are certain [Communist] Party circles controlling OMON in the Bal-



Lithuanians at an OMON base: protesting the campaign of violence being waged in their republic

on customs posts, OMON units had been accused of roughing up people but never of killing anyone. Makutinovich, as well as Soviet Interior Minister Boris Pugo, quickly condemned the massacre and denied responsibility. After a preliminary investigation, a reform group within the Soviet army suggested that the KGB had done the actual killing, albeit with the complicity of OMON commanders. The KGB denied involvement.

In the wake of the murders, Lithuanians staged a three-day demonstration, pitching tents in a field next to the Vilnius OMON base and demanding that the unit either disband or leave the republic. Dressed in fatigues and cradling automatic weapons, the Black Berets mocked the protesters. One of their own signs near the barbed wire separating the demonstration site from the OMON base read, THE SOVIET ARMY AND OMON: THE LAST DEFENDERS OF NATIONAL MINORITIES IN LITHUANIA.

Though most of the Black Berets in Vilnius are Russian, Belorussian or Polish, almost all were born in Lithuania or in a neighboring Baltic state. They have homes and families on Lithuanian soil, giving them a personal stake in preventing the republic's secession from the union. Nor do all Lithuanians despise OMON. A handful actually serve as Black Berets themselves to block secession. One 25-year-old named

tics and in Moscow," claims one official. They have warned the Black Berets to keep a lower profile, he says, but still "to gather information and recruit agents" in preparation for a future "battle."

The field units show little patience for the conflicting signals from the center. Says Lieut. Belkin: "In Moscow they sit in armchairs all day. They don't understand what's going on here, and they don't want to." The Black Berets in Vilnius boast that they have enough support in Lithuania to fight on without Soviet help. Says Belkin: "If Moscow cuts support, we will continue on our own. We are preparing for victory."

The use of violence and intimidation by those trying to perpetuate Soviet control over the Baltics continues to undermine Gorbachev's credibility as the Soviet President presses forward with democratic reform. Though he still clings to the notion that he can persuade the Balts to join a new union, Gorbachev has pledged to the West that he will make his case peacefully. That leaves the Black Berets unsure of their future. Already they complain of Moscow's betrayal. But the real test will come if Gorbachev does order the OMON units in the Baltics to disband. If they refuse, the Black Berets will become true renegades—heroes to some, villains to many others—fighting to preserve the past.

ALGERIA

Searching for Salvation

Lost in a political and economic morass, the country seeks a middle way between a police state and an Islamic republic

By LARA MARLOWE ALGIERS

Ominously recalling Iran in the months before the Ayatollah Khomeini's revolution, thousands of Muslim worshipers manifest their desire for an Islamic republic by walking to the Kouba mosque each Friday morning. The men flaunt their allegiance by wearing long cotton kamis and beards—reputedly the dress of the Prophet Muhammad. The sheik whom they come to hear speaks of martyrdom and secession.

"The Algerian people are Muslims," says the voice on the minaret's loudspeaker. "The police who prevent people from coming to prayers are not true Muslims." Security forces surrounding the mosque listen impassively as the message grows more strident. "This government ruined the country. It is the people who suffer from the economic crisis. The government claims it is Muslim, but if it is, why won't it proclaim Shari'a [Islamic law]? The people of Algeria want an Islamic state. They should be allowed to choose this freely."

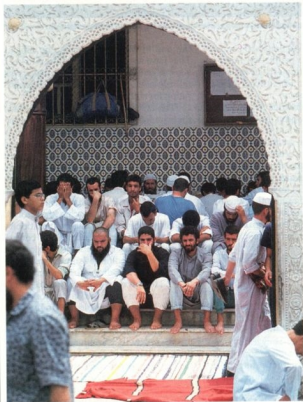
Such sermons have galvanized the discontented in a country mired in political and economic chaos. Earlier this year, members of the fundamentalist Islamic Salvation Front issued a manifesto of civil disobedience and occupied sections of Algiers to protest electoral laws that they claimed were devised to deny them victory in parliamentary elections originally scheduled for June. After some 100 people died in street fighting between the army and demonstrators, balloting was postponed and President Chadli Bendjedid declared a state of siege to restore calm.

How could a nation that is geographically and culturally closer to Paris than to Mecca or Tehran come to such a pass? For years the government managed to contain the fundamentalists by building mosques and passing laws to placate them, then arresting leaders who became too powerful. But after political parties were legalized two years ago, the Islamic Salvation Front won an overwhelming majority in the June 1990 municipal elections, the first multipar-

ty vote since Algeria gained independence from France in 1962. Then the gulf war sparked a fresh burst of anti-Western sentiment. If the fundamentalists ever come to power, they vow to outlaw alcohol, segregate the sexes and impose Shari'a, creating a society dramatically different from the socialist state built more than three decades ago by nationalist revolutionaries.

While most Algerians profess to be devout Muslims, they do not wish to see the tyranny of socialism replaced by a tyranny of mullahs. But they do want to be led out of the country's political and economic chaos. Since 1962, the socialist National Liberation Front, which led the fight for independence, has ruled. The party lost credibility as its ideology failed to supply the European standard of living Algerians want.

The economy is crippled, and many citizens blame the government's mismanagement and corruption. Unemployment is estimated at 30% of the work force. Housing and consumer goods are in scant supply. The drop in world oil prices has drained petro-revenues by two-thirds, and most of the remaining earnings go to service the \$25 billion foreign debt. "When I see the poverty in the streets, I feel ill," says Zena Haraigue, who won Algeria's highest medal as a freedom fighter. "The government filled its pockets and its stomachs,



Islamic Salvation Front members gather for Friday prayers at the Kouba mosque; no longer intimidated by fundamentalists, bathers return



and now they ask what's wrong with their young people."

"Fundamentalism feeds on the crisis, it nourishes the crisis, and it will disappear with the crisis," says Said Saadi, leader of the secular Rally for Culture and Democracy. But neither the opposition parties nor the government has succeeded in capturing the imagination of the country's disaffected youth as the Islamic Salvation Front has. Nearly 75% of Algeria's population of 25 million are under 30, and more than one-third who leave school have no jobs. The fundamentalists promise to end corruption and bring prosperity to all.

For now, martial law has brought a deceptive quiet to the streets. Some 6,000 people have been arrested, including most of the leaders of the Islamic Salvation Front. An overnight curfew has been lifted, and the army is in evidence only at the main radio and television stations and around the fundamentalist mosques. Last summer Algerians shunned the beaches to avoid intimidation by Islamic Salvation Front supporters, who chided men and women alike for showing their bodies. This year the beaches are again packed with bathers.

Though political rallies are forbidden, Friday prayers—and audiocassettes of fiery sermons—enable the fundamentalists to spread their message of militancy. "If they exclude us," says Youssef, a chemistry teacher and Islamic Salvation Front militant, "we will go underground, and it will be much harder for them to control us."

Government officials and centrist opposition leaders claim fundamentalism is just a phase that will disappear with the advent of democracy and a free-market economy. They point out that Algeria's Muslims are Sunni and have no Shi'ite tradition of radicalism and martyrdom. "Algeria is giving birth to democracy after nearly 30 years of one-party rule," says presidential spokesman Amin Zerouk. "It's not easy."

Because Algerians have little experience in democracy, they plunge into multi-party politics is exuberant but naive. There are now 51 registered parties and 118 daily and weekly newspapers. "We are going through a period of libertarian childishness," says Zouaoui Benamed, publisher of the weekly *Algérie Actualité*. "Everyone wants to express himself."

But many are looking for what Hocine Ait-Ahmed, a hero of the independence war, calls "an alternative between the police state and an Islamic republic." The government has initiated an ambitious process of democratic reform, but it is ill-equipped to control its momentum. "The rest of the world should understand that we are undertaking a major transformation of our economic and political systems against a background of acute crisis," says Foreign Minister Lakhdar Brahimi. "My impression is that there is no likelihood of our becoming an Islamic republic." In the months to come, Algeria's leaders could find it difficult to keep to a middle course. ■

America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

Least-Favored Nations

Free trade is vital to the world order, old and new. It is based on the venerable principle of *laissez-faire*: when people are buying and selling, governments should stay out of the way. Since the early 17th century, nations have been conducting commerce on the theory that lower tariffs mean lower prices for consumers, higher profits for merchants and greater prosperity for all. Countries that are busily shipping goods across their borders may be less likely to dispatch armies. And opening markets to imports is a way of opening societies to ideas.

Despite lapses into protectionism, the U.S. has generally been both a promoter and a beneficiary of free trade. It grants 159 of the 170 countries on earth most-favored-nation status, or MFN, subjecting their products to roughly the same relatively low import duties.

The problem is with the other 11, relegated to what might be called LFN, or least-favored-nation status. They were all connected with the now defunct Soviet bloc, and they have been discriminated against for reasons that have nothing to do with economics and everything to do with ideology. The U.S. didn't like their political systems, and the denial of MFN was intended to force them to change.

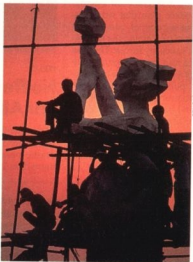
Totalitarian countries, however, are better at withstanding trade sanctions than democracies are at imposing them. Fidel Castro's regime, for one, has easily survived a 29-year ban on selling sugar, cigars or anything else to the U.S.

Whenever American politicians try to use trade as a carrot or a stick abroad, the result is almost always a domestic brawl. "There are simply too many voices and competing interests on our side to deliver a clear, coherent, timely message," says Paula Stern, a former head of the U.S. International Trade Commission. A fire-breathing anticommunist on Capitol Hill may want to starve America's enemies into submission, but a farm-state legislator would prefer to sell them his constituents' grain.

Congress and the White House have been bickering all summer over whether to attach human-rights conditions to MFN status for China, and there could be another fight this fall over President Bush's recent promise to grant MFN to the Soviet Union. The very subject of the U.S.S.R. sends the American body politic into spasms of divisive debate. That eternally troubled, troublesome country is the oldest and most vivid example of how unsuccessful the U.S. has been at using tariffs as punitive or coercive instruments of diplomacy. In 1912 the Taft Administration revoked a commercial treaty with czarist Russia to protest the persecution of Jews. A few years later, the pogroms stopped, but not because of U.S. pressure: the Bolsheviks came to power and began repressing the entire population. Washington resumed normal trade when it recognized the U.S.S.R. in 1933, even though Stalin was already cranking up the Great Terror.

In 1974 Congress passed legislation withholding MFN from the Soviet Union in an attempt to induce Leonid Brezhnev to permit more Jews to emigrate. Largely to spite the U.S., Brezhnev cut exit visas for Jews by nearly two-thirds. Then, in 1980, the U.S. granted MFN to China. Beijing's treatment of its citizens was hardly exemplary, but its defiance of Moscow made it a "strategic partner" of the West.

As a result, the butchers of Tiananmen still have MFN today, while the struggling reformers in the Kremlin don't. The solution to this absurdity is simple: the very concept of least-favored nation, which never worked well in practice anyway, is a relic of the cold war and should be junked. ■



No human-rights conditions for China

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

WORLD NOTES

SOUTH AFRICA

First, Stop The Killing

Nelson Mandela's African National Congress says it won't even start negotiating on a new, nonracial constitution until the government acts to stop the black factional battles that have taken more than 6,000 lives in the past five years. The A.N.C. accuses the government and security forces of supporting Inkatha, its rival in black vs. black carnage.

Last week the three main antagonists agreed on a tentative peace plan that would establish a code of conduct for political parties and the government's security forces. The plan would also create a permanent peace council of church, business, political and civic leaders to monitor grass-roots politics. The 80-page proposal is being circulated to organizations around the country, and invitations have gone out for a formal signing ceremony in Johannesburg in mid-September. ■



The battle of Bari: would-be refugees clash with Italian police on the docks

ITALY

No Refuge For Albanians

With calculated harshness, the Italian government resorted to drastic measures in dealing with more than 18,000 impoverished

Albanian refugees in the southern port of Bari. Seeking escape from the dismal conditions back home, the Albanians had fought their way ashore after crossing the Adriatic on grossly overcrowded boats, only to be penned into coal docks and the local soccer stadium without

adequate food or water. The angry men and women then proceeded to wreck the stadium. Later, when supplies did arrive, complained a Caritas relief worker, "the police threw food at them like in a zoo."

After battling security forces for two days and suffering from exposure, most of the dispirited Albanians willingly got on board more than 50 military and Alitalia flights headed for Tirana. Altogether, said Interior Minister Vincenzo Scotti, 17,466 had been shipped home by last week. But a few hundred holdouts, including army deserters, have been allowed to stay while an Italian commission decides whether they qualify for political asylum. ■

PERU

Is García on The Ropes?

"I have a clear conscience." So said the former President of Peru, Alan García Pérez, now a Senator for Life, before the Chamber of Deputies mustered a narrow majority last week to begin proceedings to lift his congressional immunity from prosecution on charges that he

embezzled \$500,000 from public coffers and evaded taxes.

Doubt was first cast on García last April when House Deputy Fernando Olivera charged that García had stolen \$50 million from the treasury while serving as President. Olivera maintained that García channeled the funds through the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. Olivera's charges have yet to be substantiated, but the ensuing publicity made

García one of the most prominent politicians to be touched by the B.C.C.I. scandal.

It is not at all certain, however, that he will be found guilty of embezzlement. Before there is a trial, the House vote on immunity must first be repeated in the Senate. If formal charges are then brought, García's case will be tried in the Supreme Court—which is packed with his own appointees. ■



The presidential guard reacts to a protest march in Antananarivo

MADAGASCAR

Voting with Their Feet

Sixteen opposition parties and many of Madagascar's 12 million people are convinced that President Didier Ratsiraka rigged his 1989 re-election to a third seven-year term.

When 400,000 protesters marched on the President's palace two weeks ago, his North

Korean-trained guard opened fire with rifles and grenades. The Red Cross reported that 31 people died in the capital city of Antananarivo.

Last week a general strike closed the island's banks, stores and international airport. Tens of thousands of mourners turned out for the funeral of some of those killed, and the previously neutral National Council of Churches joined the campaign. ■



García: the beleaguered ex-President

You feed it. You talk to it. You scrub
it in places no one else would. You take
it to the zoo, the beach, even to the
office. But when it's not feeling well,
who shares your concern?



We created it. We named it. We nurtured it. We want it to have the best of care, too.

So we improved our Quality Care service to guarantee that Ford quality doesn't end when you drive out of the showroom.

No corner garage or jiffy repair chain can match our expertise. It's simple: Blood runs thicker than gas and oil.

We're burning the midnight oil. Proper service, like good parenting, isn't a 9 to 5 job. Last year, we gave our dealer technicians 1.6 million hours of formal training to apply homework, not guesswork, in the latest techniques on servicing your car.

And we installed a 24-hour hotline number to a central "brain trust" for answers to the thorniest service questions.

And we help younger technicians to earn college degrees in auto technology while they work at our dealerships. (It's like locking in first-round draft choices.)

We gave our guys better toolboxes. Our OASIS program is a direct 24-hour link back to the factory to provide up-to-the-minute technical and repair data. It also gives the service technician a recent history, like a medical history, of your car's service record.

New diagnostic equipment (code name: SBDS*) is in place. It's a powerful computer system that talks with the computers in your car. It uses 29 different "tools" that accurately measure and evaluate dozens of maintenance tests, many of which skilled eyes and ears can't detect.

It may be your car



Tell us where it hurts, we're listening. Talk is cheap. Listening is even less expensive.

So we created Customer Diagnostic Forms that help you and the technician pinpoint and translate a car's moans and groans into successful repairs.

More midnight oil: We instituted more courses to upgrade our people's abilities in the fine art of how to listen to and understand your needs, and then act on them better. If this sounds like a course in human relations, it is.

We've shifted into high gear. We're expanding services to get you out faster.

If a replacement part is not in stock, our optional Next Day Parts Delivery ensures that the needed parts—genuine Ford and Motorcraft parts—can be at the dealership the next day. Try that one down the street.

Plus Ford Extended Service Plan customers get a rental car reimbursement while their car is in the shop. (And they never pay more than \$50 for covered repairs, even major ones.)

And our dealers are adding Motorcraft Fast Lube to change your oil in 15 minutes or less and change your mind about dealer responsiveness.

Believe it when you see it.

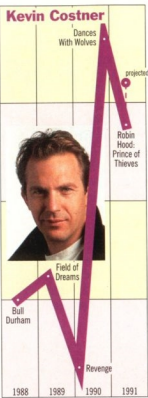
We invite you to join the 9 million satisfied service customers who are taking advantage of our Quality Care service. Stop in any time. After all, we are family.



QUALITY CARE

...but it's still our baby.SM





Business

ENTERTAINMENT

Do Stars Deliver?

Arnold and Kevin can still pack 'em in like old-time idols, but most other leading lights suffer from fickle fans and outrageous fortune

By RICHARD CORLISS

Kevin Costner is a big star. He dances with wolves, he fields his dreams, he plays Robin Hood in a California accent, and lines form outside the local plex that are longer than the queue of creditors at an S&L. Star quality: people want to watch him on the big screen. Star power: tens of millions of people will pay for the privilege. And keep on paying. His western smash, *Dances with Wolves*, has been filling theaters for nine months now. Last week more folks went to see it than *Return to the Blue Lagoon*, which was all of two weeks old.

But even Costner can suffer a total eclipse of the star. Last year Columbia Pictures sent him to Mexico, gave him a pretty woman and a passion to ride after and called the movie *Revenge*. For Columbia, the only

revenge was Montezuma's: the picture went down the commode in a flash. It stumbled to a \$15 million gross, less than a tenth of what *Dances with Wolves* or *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* will have earned in North American theatrical release.

Which proves the twin tenets that feed Hollywood's glory and gloom: 1) there is such a thing as star power; 2) there is no such thing as guaranteed star power.

This summer's films offer support for both truisms. The two megahits are from the two biggest stars: Costner's *Robin Hood* (\$140 million so far) and Arnold Schwarzenegger's *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* (\$160 million). With *City Slickers* (\$105 million), Billy Crystal has demonstrated that a comedian, savvily shaping projects to suit both him and a large audience, can share the spotlight with two cranky studs. But the season's major flop is *Dying Young* (a pitiful \$32 mil-

lion), from the former Miss Can't-Miss, Julia Roberts. "They said Julia Roberts could open any film," notes Martin Grove, industry analyst for the *Hollywood Reporter*, referring to a star's ability to lure sizable audiences on a movie's first weekend. "They said she could open a phone book. *Dying Young* proved they were wrong."

What *Dying Young* really proved is that you don't call a picture *Dying Young*. The last time they made this movie, a romance about a terminally ill cutie, they were smart enough to call it *Love Story*. Roberts' rapid ascendancy taught Hollywood that she could sell innocence, glamour, pluck. But not even the movies' most reliable female star since Doris Day could peddle leukemia—particularly not to a summertime audience that wants only the bad guys to die. So *Dying Young* did just that, and Roberts' pristine rep got terminated too.

Bruce Willis

Tom Cruise

Eddie Murphy

Michelle Pfeiffer

Look Who's Talking

Die Hard



Die Hard 2

Look Who's Talking Too

The Bonfire of the Vanities

Mortal Thoughts

Hudson Hawk

Sunset

Rain Man



Cocktail

Days of Thunder

Born on the Fourth of July

1988

1989

1990

1991

Coming to America



Another 48 HRS.

Harlem Nights

Raw

1988

1989

1990

1991

Tequila Sunrise

Dangerous Liaisons

The Russia House

Married to the Mob

The Fabulous Baker Boys

1988

1989

1990

1991



\$200

\$150

\$100

\$50

TIME COURTESY BY THE ARTIST

Her roller-coaster career curve is hardly unique. With the exception of a macho-arts maven like Steven Seagal, whose films routinely pick up an easy \$40 million, nearly every modern star's box-office graph zigzags as wildly as an Axl Rose delta gram. Robert Redford and Clint Eastwood have dominated movies for a quarter-century, but their latest pictures have played in empty theaters. Robert De Niro, the most admired actor in films, went a decade after *The Deer Hunter* (1978) without a hit. Then he appeared in three commercial successes: *GoodFellas*, *Awakenings*, *Backdraft*. When Bruce Willis flexed his pecs through two *Die Hard* melodramas and gave voice to the *Look Who's Talking* hits, he had to be hot; each pair of films grossed close to \$200 million. Then he fell off the table with *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, *Mortal Thoughts* and *Hudson Hawk*. Look who's flopping.

For female stars, the returns are lower, but so are the expectations. Women's films exist in a ghetto, and so do women stars, including the most luminous. Everybody knows that Michelle Pfeiffer is a gorgeous star, but they know it from glancing at magazine covers, not from paying to see her films. Jane Fonda's latest projects (*Old Gringo*, *Stanley & Iris*) have been noble anonymity. Meryl Streep's name on a movie is like an objet d'art in a mogul's living room: it's there to impress people. Her inevitable Oscar nominations are a springtime balm for the corporate conscience and ego, but she is unlikely to make a studio much money: 1990's *Postcards from the*

Edge is her only black-ink project in years.

Even when his or her ticket sales are robust, a star can be perceived to be in a slump. It's thought that *Days of Thunder* registered a career dip for Tom Cruise, yet it earned more money than his previous film, *Born on the Fourth of July*. Eddie Murphy's "disappointing" *Another 48 HRS.* did better than *Harlem Nights*. The reason for the bad-mouthing: *Days* and *HRS.* were costly pictures that had a hard time breaking even. This is do-or-die stuff for the industry but of no moment to moviegoers. "Audiences don't care how much a movie costs," says Tom Pollock, head of Universal Pictures. "They just want it to work."

The thing about movies is that nobody knows what works. The whole enterprise is make believe: a triumph of fantasy over fact. It's what makes the job exciting. A film out of nowhere, with a nobody star, can send people out happy—and make the producers of *Home Alone* rich. Conversely, a blockbuster wannabe like Redford's *Havana* grossed less in the U.S. than, say, the Italian import *Cinema Paradiso*.

There will always be more *Havanas* than *Home Alones*; there always have been. But in Hollywood 50 years ago, the ceiling was lower and the floor more secure than in today's boom-or-bust industry. Back when moviegoing was a national habit and not an event, pictures would play for a week or two in the studio-owned theaters, and a hit might gross just twice as much as a flop. This even stream of

pictures kept stars in their place; they could be signed to seven-year contracts, and if they balked, their bosses could suspend them and replace them with more docile creatures. "Every studio had a farm system," says Art Murphy of *Variety*. "They would be put in a B picture, and if the public responded to them, they would be put in an A picture. You got a constant transfusion of new blood for \$125 to \$200 a week per actor."

The farm was really a plantation; stars were slaves, handsomely paid but still indentured. This was bad for actors and great for audiences. "Fans felt loyal to the star," says George Christy, a *Hollywood Reporter* columnist. "Star power has dissipated, and fan power too, because stars make movies less frequently. Before Warren Beatty comes out with *Dick Tracy*, he has to go on Barbara Walters to reintroduce himself to the public" because he hasn't made a movie in three years.

Today there is no safety net—no majority of compulsive moviegoers—to catch the weaker films. Every star, every studio, stands like a colossus on a fault line. There are also no plantation workers among actors, only independent operatives. If Schwarzenegger wants \$12 million a picture, he'll get it—and he'll earn it. But a few other stars, who deserve a lot less money than Arnold, will be paid only a little less. The B-minus picture boys get A-plus cash.

Ladling out the largesse might once have been acceptable to studio heads, but the palmy days are past. In the current movie climate, when budgets have soared and reve-

SCANDALS

The Fall of the Patriarch

Embroiled in the B.C.C.I. furor, Clark Clifford grudgingly gives up the helm of Washington's largest bank

"There is no function of any kind on the part of B.C.C.I. I know of no present relationship. I know of no planned future relationship."

—Clark Clifford, 1981

nues are soft, moguls get to wondering if stars are worth the worry. This summer's box-office take is down 10% from the same period last year, which was down 8.8% from the summer of 1989. Viewers are seeing more movies, but increasingly, they watch them at home. "Video is becoming a substitute for film going," says Pollock, who notes that studios receive about 50% of the box-office take but only 25% to 30% of video sales. "If you look at picture making as a hurdle race, the hurdles just went up a foot."

And like the owners of baseball teams, movie executives are tired of paying millions of dollars to the upcity help. "With the recession finally hitting Hollywood," says syndicated columnist Anne Thompson, "the policy of putting big stars in weak stories is being called into question."

This is the new Hollywood gospel, and its prophet is Jeffrey Katzenberg. In January, Katzenberg, who runs Walt Disney's movie operations, wrote a staff memo that was passed around Hollywood more quickly and urgently than a joint at Woodstock. In this back-to-basics plea, he ripped the notions of the bankable star. "If this were true," he asked, alluding to *Batman* and *The Two Jakes*, "then how can one explain what happened to 1990's vehicle for 1989's 'most bankable star,' Jack Nicholson?" He apologized for the studio's big-budget *Dick Tracy* and disclosed that he had turned down *Beaty's* subsequent project, *Bugsy*. And he urged his minions to build movies around the story, not the star.

Katzenberg had numbers, not just frustration, to back him up. The top three hits of 1990 had been *Home Alone*, *Ghost* and *Pretty Woman*, with nary a bankable star (though *Pretty Woman* turned Roberts into one). They were simple tales about people who change: the old stuff of drama, and of Hollywood in the decades when its tinsel glistened like gold. Richard Zanuck quotes his father Darryl, longtime pasha of 20th Century Fox, as saying success in movies boils down to three things: "story, story, story." Zanuck is an independent producer who has defied industry logic and made hits without big stars: *Jaws*, *Cocoon*, *Driving Miss Daisy*. As he notes with wry pride, "I'm a throwback and part of the vanguard at the same time."

They—the bosses—wish. But the men with the money know they have had to hand a lot out to get a lot more back. And Arnold or Sly Stallone didn't need an Uzi to coax \$12 million out of a production chief's pocket. Considering the current wave of penny-pinching promises, *Variety's* Art Murphy predicts that "smaller will be better. Until a producer overpays a star for a film that turns into a monster hit." And the cycle will continue, as long as people are fascinated by the mystery of charisma and will pay to see it radiate through a rough or pretty face 30 ft. tall. —Reported by Martha Smilgin/Los Angeles

Those words must have long haunted the former Defense Secretary, but never more so than when he resigned under pressure last week as chairman of First American Bankshares, Washington's largest bank holding company. A decade ago regulators, relying on Clifford, permitted a group of Middle Eastern investors to acquire First American. Those purchasers, however, turned out to be alleged fronts for the notorious Bank of Credit & Commerce International, the criminal enterprise that collapsed in July with an estimated \$10 billion in losses. First American's secret ownership demonstrated B.C.C.I.'s knack for infiltrating power élites even as it served as a cash conduit for terrorists, gun-runners and drug thugs.

The departure of Clifford, a venerated Democratic Party elder, and bank president Robert Altman, who also resigned, came after intense prodding by the Federal Reserve Board. The regulators have been seeking to restore public confidence in First American (assets: \$11 billion), which has been plagued by troubled real estate loans in the Washington area. Last spring the Fed tapped former Republican Senator Charles Mathias of Maryland to head a committee of directors to oversee First

American. While Clifford, 84, and law partner Altman, 44, retained their titles, investigators told *TIME* that the Mathias group gradually took over their duties. "It started to get nasty," said a federal investigator close to the power struggle.

By then the Federal Reserve, which last month fined B.C.C.I. \$200 million for secretly acquiring First American and two other U.S. banking companies, had decided that Clifford and Altman had to go. To shore up the bank, regulators picked former Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach to succeed his longtime friend Clifford as chairman.

Clifford and Altman still face a daunting battery of probes. Grand juries in Washington and New York City are studying how much both men knew about B.C.C.I.'s secret ownership of First American. Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau is investigating a 1988 deal in which Clifford and Altman reaped a combined \$10 million profit after buying stock in a B.C.C.I. affiliate. The two had borrowed \$18 million from B.C.C.I. to acquire the stock, which they held for less than two years. *TIME's* sources say investigators are probing whether the \$10 million profit was a payoff for First American's 1987 purchase of the National Bank of Georgia for some \$200 million from B.C.C.I. front man Ghaith Pharaon. That deal bailed out Pharaon and effectively transferred the \$200 million from First American to B.C.C.I. Clifford and Altman deny that

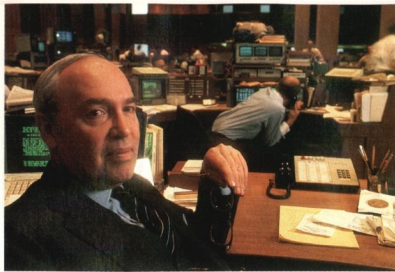
they carried out the deal under B.C.C.I.'s orders.

Prosecutors are examining other ways in which First American and B.C.C.I. might have been intertwined. Officers at the First American Bank of New York, a subsidiary of the Washington company, funneled financing for international deals to B.C.C.I., a customer has told *TIME*. He recalled how "the B.C.C.I. guys suddenly appeared" after several meetings at the New York bank. "When I asked the First American vice president what was going on, he looked at me and said that these guys were running the show." —By John Greenwald.

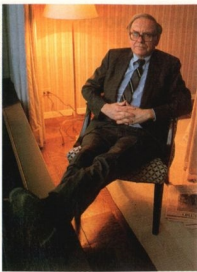
Reported by S.C. Gwynne/Washington



After his resignation, the former chairman faces the press



Changing the guard: the gruff-talking Gutfreund has presided over Salomon for 13 years; Buffett offered to step in as interim chairman



WALL STREET

Swaggering into Trouble

Financial powerhouse Salomon Brothers digs a huge hole for itself by cheating in the most sacrosanct of markets

By JOHN GREENWALD

As the most powerful government bond dealer on Wall Street, Salomon Brothers has long been known for its swagger and for a rough-and-tumble culture that reveled in practical jokes. But the scandal that stunned the giant firm last week was no laughing matter. With the company's stock collapsing in the wake of disclosures that Salomon had repeatedly tried to corner the market for Treasury securities, chairman John Gutfreund and president Thomas Strauss said they would offer their resignations at an emergency board meeting on Sunday. The firm said directors would also consider the fate of vice chairman John Meriwether, one of Wall Street's most respected bond traders. Omaha billionaire Warren Buffett, who owns \$700 million of Salomon's preferred stock, said he would be willing to take Gutfreund's place as chairman and CEO until a permanent successor could be found.

The resignations came after a whirlwind week in which the trading scandal grew to menace the health, and possibly the very existence, of the 81-year-old firm. The trouble began Aug. 9, when Salomon said it had suspended managing directors Paul Mozer and Thomas Murphy and two other employees. Their major misdeed: violating federal rules against acquiring more than 35% of Treasury notes and bonds at a government auction. The ceiling is designed to prevent large firms like Salomon from purchasing enough of an issue to dictate

the price of the securities when they resell them to smaller buyers.

Had Salomon's infractions stopped there, the firm might have contained the damage. But Salomon dropped a bombshell last Wednesday when it admitted that Gutfreund, Strauss and Meriwether had learned last April of a trading violation but had failed to report it "due to a lack of sufficient attention" to the matter. The firm later found still more irregularities but apparently did not disclose them until faced with a government investigation. "The fact that they believed they didn't have to obey the rules is shocking," said Stephen Miller, a Philadelphia securities lawyer. "To be seen to have violated the rules and to have people at the highest levels of the company know about it—and possibly even wink at it—is also shocking."

The Justice Department and federal regulators launched investigations of the firm. Shareholders feared Salomon could even be barred from dealing in Treasury securities, a devastating penalty that could dry up most of the firm's profits. Such concerns caused the price of Salomon stock to plunge Thursday from 31½ to 26½. Buoyed by news of the imminent departure of Gutfreund, 61, and Strauss, 49, the stock finished the week at 28.

The resignation of Gutfreund puts an end to one of Wall Street's most fabled careers. A gruff-talking, cigar-chomping bond trader, Gutfreund became chairman of Salomon in 1978. According to *Liar's Poker*, a 1989 best seller by Michael Lewis that described Salomon as a sort of financial Animal House, Gutfreund exhorted

traders to come to work each morning "ready to bite the ass off a bear." When the traders were not executing centimillion-dollar deals, they delighted in such pranks as dumping garbage on one another's desks and replacing the contents of a male colleague's suitcase with lingerie.

Ironically, it was a practical joke gone awry that helped bring Salomon down. In an elaborate form of hazing, Mozer reportedly persuaded a Salomon customer last February to submit a bogus \$1 billion order for 30-year Treasury bonds. The idea was to shock the novice trader who received the order. But the prank backfired: the deal went through, and the unauthorized purchase landed on Salomon's books.

Salomon rigged bids to exceed the 35% trading ceiling in at least three Treasury auctions during the past nine months. In December the firm bought 35% of an \$8.5 billion, four-year-note sale and also submitted a \$1 billion bid that was ostensibly for a customer but was really for its own account. The combined transactions gave Salomon a 46% share of the overall deal.

In Washington lawmakers called for tighter regulation of the \$2.2 trillion government securities market. Declared Congressman Edward Markey, a Massachusetts Democrat who chairs a subcommittee that oversees Treasury bond trading: "The issue is the integrity of the most important financial marketplace in the world." Markey blamed lax regulation for permitting Salomon to display "a cavalier disregard for the rules." Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut demanded that Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady conduct a "full review" of the department's auction rules. With a \$300 billion federal budget deficit to finance, Washington cannot afford to scare any bond buyers away.

—Reported by Bernard Baumohl/
New York and Hays Gorey/Washington

BUSINESS NOTES

NEWSPAPERS

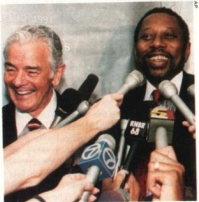
Saved by The Duel

His background is newspapering, but Robert Maynard showed the cunning of an investment banker last week in preventing the Oakland *Tribune* from closing down for good. Maynard, the only black owner of a metropolitan newspaper in the U.S., raised the last-minute cash by playing on the rivalry between the paper's

largest creditor, the Gannett chain, and that company's retired chief, Allen Neuhaith.

Maynard bought the paper from Gannett for \$22 million in 1983 but stopped payments in 1986. Now owing \$31.5 million, including interest, he threatened to close the money-losing daily unless Gannett settled for \$2.5 million. Maynard then arranged for financing from the Freedom Forum, which was known as the Gannett Foundation until its leader, Neuhaith, had a falling-out with his former employer earlier this year. Neuhaith's foundation will invest \$5 million in the paper for an option to buy a 20% stake. Gannett will receive a \$2.5 million note payable in 1994, plus preferred stock.

Maynard, who retains control, stands to make some profits. Besides a vastly reduced debt load, he has obtained major concessions from employees. ■



Neuhaith and Maynard save the *Tribune*

AIRLINES

Delta Aces Its Rivals

After a marathon bidding session for the prime pieces of the bankrupt Pan Am, the spoils went last week to the most low-profile of the Big Three U.S. carriers: Delta. The Atlanta-based airline bested its rivals with a \$1.7 billion bid for assets

that will put Delta on a par with megacarriers American and United. Delta will acquire Pan Am's Northeastern shuttle, its North Atlantic routes and the airline's strategic hub in Frankfurt. Pan Am will survive as a shadow of its once mighty self, providing service to the Caribbean and Latin America. But Delta will have a piece of that action too, owning 45% of the scaled-down Pan Am. ■

SCANDAL

Well, She Had An Honest Face

In a season of scandal among Japan's largest financial firms, an eccentric restaurateur from Osaka has managed to steal the show. Nui Onoue, 61, who claims she began playing the stock market in response to a "divine message," was accused last week of using forged certificates worth \$2.5 billion to

obtain loans from a host of banks and financial companies. Among the duped lenders was the prestigious Industrial Bank of Japan. By last October, Onoue had built up her portfolio to an estimated value of nearly \$780 million and ranked as one of Japan's largest individual investors. But prosecutors speculate that the 39% plunge in Tokyo share prices last year forced Onoue to make a desperate move to cover her losses. ■

MARKETING

Rolling Papers Come Unstuck

Time was when every cigarette in America was handmade by smokers themselves, who lovingly swathed dollops of tobacco inside their favorite rolling papers. Today the practice has become linked in the public mind with a different kind of weed, marijuana. In an era of abstinence, that connection is proving hazardous for the makers of rolling papers. Last week the K Mart chain said it would no longer sell rolling papers unaccompanied by tobacco.

K Mart, the second largest U.S. retailer, insists that it had been considering pulling the papers because of declining consumer demand. Still, K Mart faced pressure from an Arkan-



Protested product: A bad wrap?

sas-based group called Doing in God's Name Incredible Things Yourself, or D.I.G.N.I.T.Y. The group's national profile has increased dramatically since Dick Gregory, the social activist and health guru, joined its antidrug crusading. ■

BANKS

Looking for Security

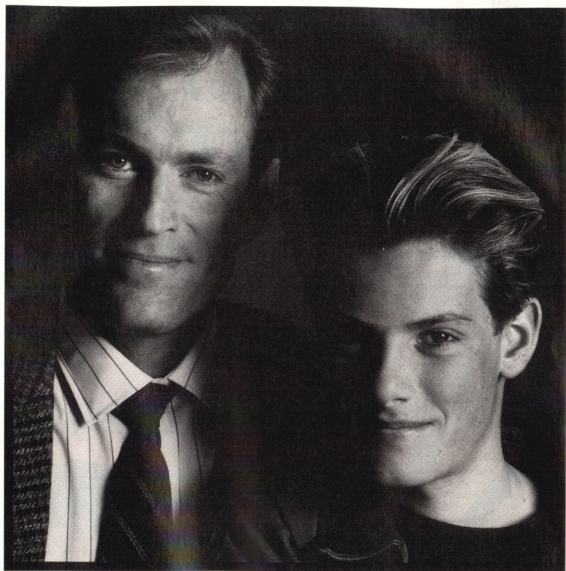
Amid the sudden-death deal-making of the past decade, the world of banking seemed like an island of restraint. But recently the industry has come down with a case of can-you-top-this fever. The latest combination is the largest in banking history, the merger of San Francisco-based BankAmerica with its smaller Los Angeles rival, Security Pacific. With \$193 billion in assets, the enlarged BankAmerica will rank a close second to New York's

Citicorp among U.S. banks.

The merger could eventually reap savings of \$1 billion annually for the two institutions as they combine functions and reduce overhead. This may mean layoffs of up to 10,000 workers, or 11% of the work force, as excess branches and departments are closed. But the merger with the revitalized BankAmerica was a necessary maneuver for CEO Robert Smith's troubled Security Pacific, which has been weakened by bad real estate loans. BankAmerica will now be a force in 10 Western states, and is reportedly considering a bid for New England's Shawmut National as well. ■



Happy together: Smith and BankAmerica CEO Richard Rosenberg



Lately, Larry and his
thirteen-year-old have been
on the same channel.

The **Disney** Channel

Free Preview August 22-25

Preview available only in participating cable systems. ©Disney





COVER STORIES

Crisis in The Labs

Beset by a budget squeeze, cases of fraud, relentless activists and a skeptical public, American researchers are under siege

By LEON JAROFF

Without scientific progress the national health would deteriorate; without scientific progress we could not hope for improvement in our standard of living or for an increased number of jobs for our citizens; and without scientific progress we could not have maintained our liberties against tyranny.

—Vannevar Bush, presidential science adviser in *Science: The Endless Frontier*, 1945

It was the glory of America. In the decades following World War II, U.S. science reigned supreme, earning the envy of the world with one stunning triumph after another. Fostered by the largesse of a government swayed by Vannevar Bush's paean to science, it harnessed the power of the atom, conquered polio and discovered the earth's radiation belt. It created the laser, the transistor, the microchip and the electronic computer, broke the genetic code and conjured up the miracle of recombinant DNA technology. It described the fundamental nature of matter, solved the mystery of the quasars and designed the robot craft that explored distant planets with spectacular success. And, as promised, it landed a man on the moon.

Now a sea change is occurring, and it does not bode well for researchers—or for the U.S. While American science remains productive and still excels in many areas, its exalted and almost pristine image is beginning to tarnish.

European and, to a lesser extent, Japanese scientists have begun to surpass their American counterparts. In the U.S. the scientific community is beset by a budget squeeze and bureaucratic demands, internal squabbling, harassment by activists,

embarrassing cases of fraud and failure, and the growing alienation of Congress and the public. In the last decade of the 20th century, U.S. science, once unassailable, finds itself in a virtual state of siege.

"The science community is demoralized, and its moans are frightening off the young," says Dr. Bernadine Healy, director of the National Institutes of Health (NIH). "You have never seen such a depressed collection of people," says Stephen Berry, a University of Chicago chemist. "It's the worst atmosphere in the scientific community since I began my career more than 30 years ago."

In public perception, at least, that atmosphere has been fouled by a multitude of headline-grabbing incidents:

► The federal researcher at whose urging Times Beach, Mo., was permanently evacuated in 1982 because of a dioxin scare has conceded that the draconian action was a mistake and that newer data suggest dioxin is far less toxic than previously believed. While some environmental scientists dispute the conclusion, the Environmental Protection Agency has launched a review of its strict dioxin standards, leaving the public confused about what to believe.

► In space, the inexcusable myopia of the \$1.5 billion Hubble telescope, the balky antenna that endangers the \$1.3 billion Galileo mission to Jupiter, and even the *Challenger* disaster and the shuttle's subsequent troubles gave space science a bad name— notwithstanding the fact that the failures resulted not from scientific errors but largely from managerial blunders and budgetary constraints.

► The circus atmosphere that accompanied last year's announcement that cold fusion had been achieved, the subsequent debate among scientists and the eventual widespread rejection of the claim evoked public

Science

exasperation and ridicule in the press.

► Nobel laureate David Baltimore's stubborn refusal to concede that data reported by a former M.I.T. colleague in an immunology paper Baltimore had co-signed was fraudulent, and the shoddy treatment of the whistle blower who spotted the fraud aroused public suspicion about scientific integrity. Worse, from the viewpoint of scientists, it brought about an investigation by Michigan Democrat John Dingell's House subcommittee and fears of more federal supervision of science. By the time Baltimore finally apologized for his role in the affair, the damage to science's image had been done.

► Another Dingell probe, which revealed that Stanford University had charged some strange items to overhead expenses funded by federal science grants, mortified university president Donald Kennedy, led to his resignation and raised questions about misuse of funds at other universities. "I challenge you to tell me," said Dingell, "how fruitwood commodes, chauffeurs for the university president's wife, housing for dead university officials, retreats in Lake Tahoe and flowers for the president's house are supportive of science."

► A long-running and unseemly dispute between Dr. Luc Montagnier of the Pasteur Institute in Paris and Dr. Robert Gallo of the NIH over who had first identified the AIDS virus raised public doubts about the motives and credibility of scientists. Those concerns remained when Gallo conceded that through inadvertent contamination, the virus he identified had been isolated from a sample sent him by the Frenchman. Last week the journal *Science* revealed that a draft of a forthcoming NIH report about the affair criticizes Gallo and accuses one of his colleagues of scientific misconduct.

► Bowing to the demands of pro-lifers, the Bush Administration continued a ban on federal funding for fetal-cell transplants, despite the fact that the use of such tissue has shown promising results in treating Parkinson's disease and other disorders. Frustrated U.S. researchers watched helplessly as their European counterparts moved ahead on medical applications of fetal tissue.

► In several raids on research laboratories, animal-rights activists destroyed equipment and "liberated" test animals, setting back experiments designed to improve medical treatment for humans. Activists using legal means, such as picketing and newspaper ads, successfully brought pressure on some laboratories to improve treatment of test animals. But others campaigned to halt virtually all animal experimentation, a ban that would cripple medical research. All told, the animals-rights movement has led to a false public perception that medical researchers are generally callous in their treatment of test animals or at least indifferent to their welfare.

► Although gadfly activist Jeremy Rifkin failed in a legal attempt to delay the first human-gene-therapy experiment last year, he skillfully used the courts to set back by months, and even years, other scientific trials involving genetically engineered organisms or substances. His success in obstructing genetic experiments came despite the fact that in every case, his warnings of dire consequences proved to be unfounded. Favorable coverage of his views in some newspapers and on TV heightened public misgivings about genetic research.

To many researchers, however, the single greatest threat to U.S. science, and a source of many of its troubles, is money—or a lack of it. That view came into sharp focus in January when Nobel laureate physicist Leon Lederman, the newly elected president of the prestigious American Association for the Advancement of Science, issued what he called his "cry of alarm."

Lederman, former head of Fermilab, the high-energy physics center in Illinois, had conducted a survey of research scientists in 50 universities. Most of the nearly 250 responses, he reported, came from demoralized and underfunded researchers who foresaw only a bleak future for their disciplines and their jobs. "I haven't seen anything like this in my 40 years in science," Lederman said. "Research, at least the research carried out in universities, is in very serious trouble." And that, he warned, "raises serious questions about the very future of science in the U.S."

By Lederman's calculations, if inflation is taken into account, federal funding in 1990 for both basic and applied scientific research in universities was only 20% higher than in 1968, while the number of Ph.D.-level scientists working at the schools doubled during the same time period. In other words, twice as many researchers are scrambling for smaller pieces of a slightly bigger pie. The competition for financing has forced scientists into fundraising efforts at the expense of research and has led to angry exchanges over what kind of work should have priority. It has also forced researchers to propose "safe" projects with an obvious end product.

Those restraints are clearly detrimental to the bold and innovative research that has made American science great. Leder-

man's solution: "We should be spending twice as much as we did in 1968."

For his alarm, and especially for his proposed cure, Lederman was not immediately overwhelmed by acclaim—either from fellow scientists or from Congress. The Bush Administration had already requested a generous increase in the science budget, critics noted. Lederman's call for a doubling of financial support at a time of severe budgetary restraint, they charged, made scientists seem petty and self-serving and suggested that they are out of touch with the country's political realities. In fact

A STRING OF BLUNDERS,



CHALLENGER The moon landings and planetary probes of the late 1960s and '70s gave NASA a reputation for near infallibility. Then came the 1986 Challenger explosion. The primary cause was a low-tech O-ring, meant to keep hot gas from escaping from the spacecraft's booster engines. Engineers had warned NASA launch officials that the rings could crack in cold weather, but the danger was ignored on that cool, tragic January morning.

HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE A \$1.5 billion instrument designed to take the sharpest pictures of the heavens in history blind, thanks to an egregious goof. Th Perkin-Elmer Corp. ground the Hubble's mirror to the wrong curvature, which means cannot focus light properly. A test on the ground could have confirmed the error before the launch, but nobody insisted strongly enough that hints of a problem be followed

only last year congressional budgeteers agreed to limit spending growth for domestic discretionary funding, in effect making science a "zero-sum" category. This meant that increases for one scientific project, for example, might have to come out of the hide of another.

"I don't think that [Lederman's] argument was very good," says Harvey Brooks, a Harvard science-policy expert. "Scientists are having a hard time, and so are the homeless. You have to justify science because it is doing something good for society." Even Frank Press, president of the National Academy of Sciences (NAS), agrees on the need for restraint. "No na-

tion can write a blank check for science," he says. "In a very tight deficit year, we may have to make some choices."

In June the House of Representatives made a choice, and it did not sit well with scientists. The House voted to designate \$1.9 billion of NASA's fiscal 1992 budget to continued work on the proposed space station, which could eventually cost as much as \$40 billion. Because of the budgetary restraints, that money may be cut from other projects supported by NASA and the National Science Foundation (NSF). And two huge science ventures are already siphoning off significant chunks of the federal budget: the Human Genome Project, a 15-

year, \$3 billion program to identify and map all 50,000 to 100,000 genes and determine the sequence of the 3 billion code letters in human DNA; and the superconducting supercollider, a high-energy particle accelerator to be built in Texas at an estimated cost of \$8.2 billion.

Several planned NASA science projects could immediately suffer or even be eliminated because of the space-station vote. They include the Comet Rendezvous Asteroid Flyby mission, in which an unmanned spacecraft would make close approaches to Comet Kopff and an unnamed asteroid; the Advanced X-Ray Astrophysics Facility, which will investigate X-ray

FIASCOES AND TRAGEDIES IN SPACE



GOES NEXT: WEATHER SATELLITES The only weather satellite currently photographing the U.S. is the GOES 7, which was originally expected to be functional only through early 1992. Careful use of fuel may add another year. But the next generation of satellites, ordered from NASA by the Weather Service back in 1986, is three years behind schedule. One glitch is in the sensors that monitor air temperature and humidity. Another is in the instrument that photographs cloud systems. The images are distorted in part because of cheap wiring in the electronics. If GOES 7 dies early, the U.S. may have to borrow satellites from the Japanese or the Europeans.



GALILEO This ambitious probe was already seven years behind schedule when it finally left Earth in 1989 en route to a 1995 rendezvous with Jupiter. Galileo is supposed to drop a miniprobe into the harsh Jovian atmosphere, while the rest of the spacecraft bounces like a billiard ball among the planet's moons. Now, however, the main data-transmitting antenna will not open completely. Engineers have tried to free it by rotating the craft, first putting the antenna in the sun's direct heat, then moving it into deep shadow. This alternate heating and cooling has not worked, and if further efforts fail, NASA may try forcing the antenna open with a surge of power, risking permanent damage. If the problem is not corrected, the \$1.3 billion mission could be a bust.



Science

sources in space; and the Earth Observing System for weather and pollution studies.

Scientists were dismayed. Daniel Kleppner, an M.I.T. physicist, pointed out that the money spent on the space station this year will be almost as much as the total fiscal 1990 NSF budget, a major source of federal funding for all the sciences except biomedicine. Writing in *The Sciences*, the publication of the New York Academy of Sciences, he expressed his indignation: "It seems incredible that the government can spend billions on such flawed projects while allowing the world's greatest scientific

institutions to decline for lack of relatively modest funds."

By one standard, at least, the troubles of American science are not that obvious at first glance: the Nobel science awards for the past few decades have been dominated by Americans. For example, 14 of the 25 Nobel Prizes for Physics between 1980 and 1990 went to Americans. But 13 of those 14 awards were for work done many years ago. Most of the Nobels for more recent research have gone to Europeans. "It appears that American science is coasting on its reputation," says Kleppner. "Today Eu-

rope is beginning to run away with the honors."

Physics is not the only discipline that is hurting. Harvard's pioneering biologist E.O. Wilson, the father of sociobiology, is concerned that the dwindling supply of federal grant money to individual scientists is changing the very nature of research. A quarter-century ago, he says, grants were far more generous, and a higher percentage of proposals got funded. "In those days," he recalls, "a young scientist could still get a grant based on a promising but partly formulated idea or fragmentary re-

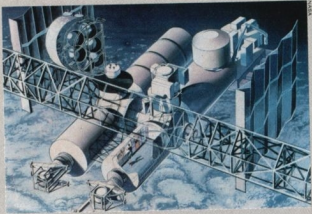
BIG VENTURES THAT SWALLOW DOLLARS BY THE BILLIONS



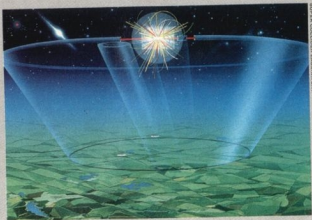
HUMAN GENOME PROJECT The pride of biologists is a \$3 billion attempt to identify each of the 50,000 to 100,000 genes carrying human-hereditary information. This will make it easier to understand—and perhaps cure—genetic diseases. Few people doubt the value of studying important genes, but critics wonder why it is necessary to have a map of every bit of genetic material.

SUPERCONDUCTING SUPERCOLLIDER

The elementary-particle accelerator under construction in northern Texas literally surrounds its hometown of Waxahachie. The SSC's oval tunnel, through which particles will hurtle at nearly the speed of light, will be 85 km (53 miles) around. Physicists need a device this size to solve fundamental mysteries about matter. But the price, originally \$4.4 billion, has almost doubled. Even some physicists wonder whether the knowledge will be worth the money.



SPACE STATION FREEDOM The station was going to be a combination space factory, biological lab and construction platform for interplanetary forays. It was also going to cost \$8 billion. Now, having survived a death threat from Congress, the official cost is up to \$30 billion (independent estimates run as much as \$40 billion). And its missions are down to just two: studying the health effects of space travel and fashioning new materials in low gravity. Most space scientists think Freedom is a farce. Aerospace companies love it.



sult." Today, Wilson laments, there is far less interest in funding such marginal and daring proposals.

Physicist Nicholas Samios, director of Brookhaven National Laboratory on New York's Long Island, has also witnessed a negative effect among people on his staff. "When funding gets tight," he says, "people get more conservative and bureaucratic. You don't want to make mistakes. You want to make certain you do the right thing. But to have science flourish, you want people who take chances."

These days scientists often pick their fields of research with an eye to the whims of funding agencies. That was precisely what Jim Koh, a University of Michigan graduate student in human genetics, had in mind when he chose to specialize in cystic fibrosis. Research on the disorder, funded in part by the private Cystic Fibrosis Foundation, is less affected by federal budget problems than many other fields. "Fundability is a real factor in my thinking," Koh admits.

Other young scientists are not so fortunate. University jobs are hard to find, and because of tight budgets will not become more plentiful until the older professors, the majority of them hired in the bountiful, go-go 1960s, retire. When a university slot does open, hundreds of graduate students may apply for it. Industry too has little to offer newly graduated scientists. Saddled with debt and under pressure to turn out favorable quarterly reports, it has cut back on money spent for research and development.

All this is disillusioning to promising young scientists. At 34, Norman Carlin, an evolutionary biologist who has been a postdoctoral fellow at Harvard since 1986, is giving up. "Last year I decided I would go through one more year of this fruitless and humiliating attempt to get work," he says. "Well, I didn't get a single job offer from 20 universities—and I got into every law school I applied to. So I decided to go where I was wanted for a change." When he earns a law degree, Carlin hopes to specialize in environmental law. "I had tremendous fun doing science," he says, "and I'm bitterly sorry I won't be able to do it anymore."

All too aware of the dearth of job opportunities at research universities, senior faculty members are faced with a dilemma. "When undergraduates come to me looking for career advice," says Dr. James Wilson, a gene-theory expert at the University of Michigan, "I have to think long and

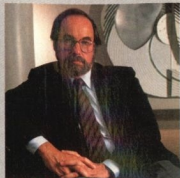
FRAUDS AND EMBARRASMENTS



PONS AND FLEISCHMANN The "discovery" of cold fusion grabbed headlines, but chemists Stanley Pons and Martin Fleischmann found something that probably does not exist. After the initial excitement, they won more scorn than research grants.

ROBERT GALLO

For years, he said he found the AIDS virus independently, but French researchers said he had got it, perhaps inadvertently, from a sample they sent him. At stake were millions in blood-test royalties. Gallo now says they were right.



DAVID BALTIMORE When someone claimed results were falsified in an immunology paper he had supervised, Baltimore blamed the whistle blower rather than his colleague. But an inquiry found the study was indeed faked.

DONALD KENNEDY During his presidency, Stanford charged the government part of the cost of such items as antiques, a yacht, bed sheets and flowers—under the heading of indirect costs of research. The dubious accounting practice led to a House investigation. Four weeks ago, Kennedy resigned.



hard about advising them to be scientists." Justified as it is, that kind of thinking alarms M.I.T.'s Kleppner. "If America's senior scientists cannot, in good conscience, persuade the next generation to follow in their own footsteps," he warns, "the nation is finished scientifically."

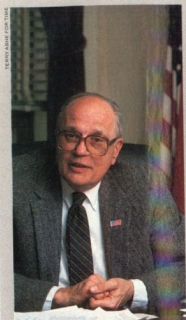
Money is so tight that many scientific institutions are finding it difficult to maintain the equipment they have, much less buy new instruments. At Kitt Peak in Arizona, the structure of the National Optical Astronomy Observatories' solar telescope was beginning to corrode because astronomers, strapped for funds, had put off painting it. This year they could wait no longer, and instead of buying a new, badly needed \$100,000 infrared detector, they put the available money into a paint job. The choice, while necessary, depresses Sidney Wolff, director of NOAO. Although the in-

frared detector was developed in the U.S., she says, "European observatories can afford to purchase it, while we cannot. This is really a revolution in technology; if you're using five-year-old technology, you're out of the game."

The budget constraints are part of an even deeper problem afflicting American research: Congress is reflecting an erosion of public confidence in a scientific establishment that not many years ago could seemingly do no wrong. The message from Washington is clear: science will receive no more blank checks and will be held increasingly accountable for both its performance and its behavior.

Today, despite continuing brilliant work by U.S. scientists, attention seems focused on their failings and excesses, both real and perceived. Why, critics ask, after a decade of effort, have researchers not

WATCHDOGS AND AGITATORS WHO DEMAND ACCOUNTABILITY

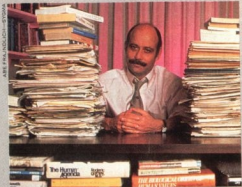


JOHN DINGELL The Michigan Democrat's House subcommittee investigated the case of David Baltimore's colleague who falsified data; it also nailed Stanford for questionable use of government funds. Now he is after the NIH to see if the agency has been soft on scientific misconduct. Researchers wonder who's next on Dingell's hit list.

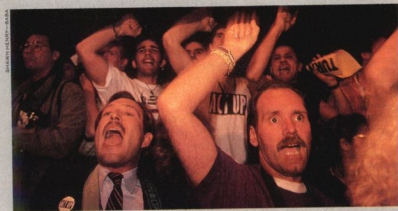
found a cure for AIDS, or why can't they figure out, after nearly a half-century, how to store nuclear wastes safely or build spacecraft that work? Why do they concoct compounds that end up as toxic waste or court danger by tinkering with genes?

Some of this burgeoning antiscience sentiment springs from the well-meaning but naive "back to nature" wing of the environmental movement, some from skillful manipulation by demagogues and modern-day Luddites. And some is misdirected; science is often blamed for the misdeeds of industry and government.

But scientists too must shoulder their share of the blame. Cases of outright fraud and waste, sloppy research, dubious claims and public bickering have made science an easy target for its critics. Says Marcel LaFollette, a professor of international science policy at George Washington University: "One of the threads that run through all this is a refusal by the science community to acknowledge that there is a problem. They



JEREMY RIFKIN An enemy of genetic engineering, Rifkin fears that scientists might create new life-forms that could cause untold damage if they escaped from the lab. He routinely files lawsuits to stop experiments with gene-altered organisms. Several projects he opposed have eventually gone ahead, with no terrible consequences as yet.



AIDS ACTIVISTS Groups like ACT UP believe that cumbersome rules keep potential anti-AIDS drugs tied up for years in overcautious scientific testing. Drugs that show some promise, the protesters say, should be immediately available to people who are dying. The activists have disrupted medical conferences and stormed federal agencies in a partly successful effort to have the approval process streamlined.

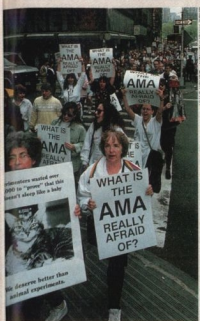
continue with the attitude that scientists are part of the elite and they deserve special political treatment and handling."

In Washington the new sock-it-to-science stance is personified by Congressman Dingell, who has taken the lead in investigating the wrongdoings of researchers. Many scientists consider his intrusion into their domain dangerous because it threatens their long-held notion that science should be self-governed, self-regulated and self-policed. When Dingell asked the Secret Service to examine the notebooks in the Baltimore case for authenticity, some researchers accused him of launching a witch hunt and trying to establish "science police." Because of his badgering of scientists at congressional hearings, he has been charged with practicing McCarthyism. Says Maxine Singer, a molecular biologist and president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington: "With Dingell, the issues get swallowed as he makes personal attacks on people."

Despite Dingell's abrasive manner, however, he has rooted out some serious abuses in science. The Congressman makes a legitimate argument that science is a social tool and should be directed and regulated in the same manner as other social tools, such as defense and education. A newly contrite Baltimore now says Dingell's investigation was "an altogether proper exercise of his mandate to oversee the expenditure of federal funds."

This month Dingell was at it again. He hauled NIH director Healy before his subcommittee to charge that by abruptly transferring a chief investigator of the NIH's internal office of scientific integrity, she had "derailed" investigations and "demoralized and emasculated" that office, which had been involved in the Baltimore case. Healy indignantly called the charges "preposterous," adding that Dingell "is a prosecutor. He's there to root out evil whether it's there or not."

Underlying the current furor over



ANIMAL-RIGHTS ADVOCATES

Medical tests that subject animals to pain or injury are anathema to many people. Some picket medical meetings and labs. Others have resorted to threats, arson and raids to liberate caged creatures. But moderates have worked with scientists to devise computer simulations and other alternatives to using animals. One result: far fewer animals are now blinded in the testing of harsh cosmetics.

funding, and fueling Dingell's investigations, are the implicit assumptions that science can no longer be fully trusted to manage its affairs and that society should have a larger voice in its workings. "We can't just say Give us the money and don't bother us anymore," acknowledges Chris Quigg, a physicist at Fermilab.

Congressional pressure on science has been countered by a growing pressure on Congress—by institutions and researchers lobbying for science funds. Influencing the lawmakers has become so critical that science is recruiting the professionals of persuasion. Many universities pay \$20,000 a month each for the services of Cassidy & Associates, a science-lobbying firm that has been successful in influencing federal money earmarked for its clients. Some of Cassidy's trophies: \$15 million for Tufts University's Human Nutrition Research Center and \$19.8 million for the Proton Beam Demonstration Center at California's Loma Linda University. Four bio-

chemistry societies have joined to pay former Maine Congressman Peter Kyros \$100,000 a year to lobby for increased funding for biomedical research. Unfortunately, money appropriated for these projects bypasses the peer-review process used by such scientific bodies as the NSF and the NIH.

Too often, science lobbyists find easy pickings on Capitol Hill, where Congressmen, courting votes, can win generous sums for research projects in their home districts by simply slipping riders onto appropriation bills. Federal legislators in fiscal 1991 approved at least \$270 million for pork-barrel science projects. In many cases, this kind of financing supports projects of dubious value, while more worthy endeavors go begging. An example: a rider, attached by Alaska Senator Ted Stevens, provided \$9 million for a facility in his state to study how to tap the energy of the aurora borealis. That project, now funded, is characterized by one University of Maryland physicist as "wacky."

The NAS's Press is worried that too many scientists and research institutions are rushing to engage lobbyists. "They see that's the way the country runs, through lobbying and pressure," he says. "It's possible that public confidence in scientists will be diminished." That may have already happened. In the view of some members of Congress, scientists have become simply another special-interest group pleading for its selfish ends.

For all the lobbying, the scientific community has reached no consensus about the worthiness of various projects. Molecular biologists and particle physicists find it impossible to agree on the relative merits of the Human Genome Project and the superconducting supercollider. "Scientists are scared to death about having to make such choices," says Francis Collins, the University of Michigan geneticist who led the teams responsible for identifying the cystic fibrosis and neurofibromatosis genes. "It's such a contentious area that I'm afraid people won't be able to agree."

What is the alternative? Researchers blanch at the thought of a scientifically illiterate public allotting the available funds through the political process. Yet if the science community cannot establish its own priorities, it is inviting Congress and the White House to make all the choices, for better or worse.

While striving for a consensus, scientists would do well to put their house back in order. They should avoid cutting corners or misusing funds in a desperate effort to make financial ends meet. They must come down hard on transgressors, give whistle blowers a fair hearing and not stonewall in defense of erring colleagues. And they should discourage the ill-conceived prac-

tice of hastily calling press conferences to announce dubious results that have not been verified by peer review.

Equally important, scientists should redouble efforts to help educate Congress, the press and the public about the importance and benefits of some of their more esoteric work. An example: in little publicized reports in science journals last month, three teams of researchers revealed that they had used genetic engineering to create, for the first time, mice whose brains develop the same kind of deposits as those found in humans with Alzheimer's disease. Using these mice as models, the scientists should now be able to learn more about the debilitating disease that afflicts 4 million Americans and to develop drugs to alleviate the disorder.

In short, the use of genetic engineering and test animals, practices decried by the more fanatic critics of science, has provided a means by which Alzheimer's disease could be controlled or even cured. More aggressive promotion of this kind of news would certainly enhance the image of researchers, help restore waning public trust in science and lessen the clout of anti-science activists.

While scientists remain divided about the solution to their dilemma, they do agree, almost universally, on the need for ample support for basic research—research that is not launched with a well-defined end product in mind. Such work has not only been the foundation for America's brilliant scientific achievements but has also paid handsome financial dividends. For example, basic studies of bacterial resistance to viruses led to the discovery of restriction enzymes, the biological scissors that can snip DNA segments at precisely defined locations. That discovery in turn made possible recombinant-DNA technology, which spawned the multibillion-dollar biotechnology industry. And the laser, now the vital component of devices ranging from printers to compact disc players to surgical instruments, was a serendipitous by-product of research on molecular structure.

Nearly a half-century ago, Vannevar Bush's clarion call launched America into its Golden Age of science and helped transform society. His words still ring true today, despite the social and economic woes besetting the U.S. In fact, a vigorous science program, properly exploited by government and industry, might generate the wealth needed to solve these problems. To create that wealth, the U.S. must increase its investment in science, both by allocating more dollars and making certain that the dollars already appropriated are spent more wisely. "We cannot stop investing in our future for all the problems today," warns Frank Press, "or we will be mortgaging our future."

—Reported by J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago and Dick Thompson/Washington

The Double Take on Dioxin

After years of warnings about its ability to cause cancer, is it really true that the chemical is not so dangerous after all?

By CHRISTINE GORMAN

In science, as in life, simple questions rarely have simple answers. That principle of uncertainty is especially frustrating when researchers try to determine the hazards of various chemicals to humans. Ten years after sounding an alarm over the dioxin-contaminated roadways of Times Beach, Mo., federal scientists wonder whether they acted too hastily in ordering the community's permanent evacuation. Perhaps, they say, dioxin was not such a serious threat after all. This kind of waffling only reinforces public skepticism about the credibility of scientists, who seem to change their mind with bewildering regularity whether the subject is the danger of dioxin or the benefits of oat bran.

Environmental groups still fear that even minute amounts of dioxin, which was an ingredient in the Vietnam-era defoliant Agent Orange, can cause epidemics of cancer. But Vernon Houk, the federal official who recommended the Times Beach evacuation, is no longer sure. Recent studies suggest that the chemical may not be so dangerous. In an interview with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Houk declared, "We should have been more up front with the Times Beach people and told them, 'We're doing our best with the estimates of the risk, but we may be wrong.' I think we never added 'but we may be wrong.'"

To get at the truth, the Environmental Protection Agency has ordered a reassess-

ment of dioxin's risks and, depending on the findings, may relax rules on exposure to the chemical. That will be cold comfort to the displaced citizens of Times Beach. "Houk announced his decision with all the power and authority of science behind him," says Marcel LaFollette, a professor of science policy at George Washington University. "Now he's saying 'Never mind.' A reasonable person would ask the scientist, 'Why can't you make up your mind?'"

An unavoidable amount of uncertainty is built into every scientific investigation. To determine the risk of disease from trace amounts of dioxin, researchers had to assume that if it caused cancer in laboratory animals, then it could cause cancer in humans. In addition, because no one completely understands how toxins trigger cancer, scientists chose a mathematical model that assumes a linear relationship between the amount of toxin consumed and the incidence of malignancy. In other words, if a pound of dioxin caused cancer in 50 out of 100 subjects, then half a pound would trigger 25 cases out of 100, and so on.

Using such calculations for dioxin produced a conclusion that ingesting an infinitesimal amount of the compound each day over a lifetime—about 0.006 trillionths of a gram per kilogram of body weight (or 0.014 trillionths of an ounce for a 150-lb. man)—would cause 1 cancer among 1 million people. The contamination at Times Beach was 1,000 times as great as this safety limit.

Since then, however, a lot more has been

learned about how dioxin affects the body. As a result, some scientists believe dioxin and other chemicals may trigger cancer only if a certain threshold amount is present—and that amount could be well over 1,000 times as great as the safety limit, i.e., above the level of most of the contamination at Times Beach. If so, the government has reason to amend its regulations on many compounds in addition to dioxin. One of the biggest beneficiaries would be the paper industry, which is under pressure to reduce the level of dioxin at its mills. Relaxing the current safety standard could save \$1 billion in cleanup costs and prevent crippling lawsuits.

With so much at stake, the industry has understandably embraced the new thinking on dioxin. A furor erupted in the scientific community last winter when a trade association tried to overstate the conclusions of a research meeting at which some evidence favorable to dioxin was presented. Many of the participants did not realize that the conference had been underwritten in part with industry funds. "I agree that there is a lot of new science about dioxin," says Ellen Silbergeld, a toxicologist at the University of Maryland who attended the meeting. "But I don't agree over how that new knowledge should be applied."

Veterans' groups are also skeptical. The American Legion is suing the U.S. government, charging that its Agent Orange studies, which show no major adverse effects on veterans, are inadequate.

There was a time when most scientific knowledge was considered objective and unassailable. These days, however, it is often hard to tell where science stops and economics and politics take over.

—Reported by Andrew Purvis/*New York* and Dick Thompson/*Washington*

THE TOWN THAT SCIENTISTS SHUT DOWN



VERNON HOUK: "We should have been more up front with the Times Beach people and told them, '... We may be wrong.'"

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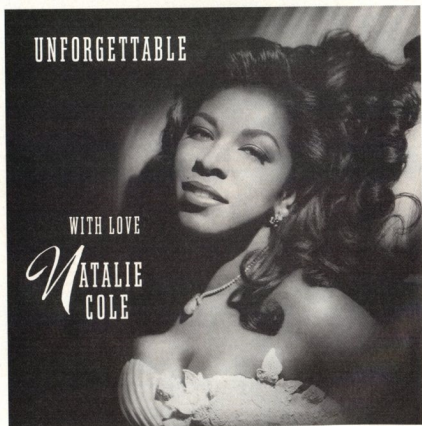
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Areas like this mud flat in Louisiana's Atchafalaya Basin may be vulnerable to development under new rules

ENDANGERED ZONES

SOUTH FLORIDA.

Some 200,000 hectares (500,000 acres) surrounding the Everglades could be lost to developers.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The sandy-soil wetlands at the base of the mountains are vital for natural flood control during runoff season.

MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

The forested wet woods on Chesapeake Bay's Eastern Shore could now be cleared for housing.

LOWER MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Up to one-third of the 2 million hectares (5 million acres) of wetlands could disappear.

Environment

War over the Wetlands

A policy shift makes a mockery of Bush's campaign promise to be an ecology-minded President

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK



The shallow depressions that dot the farm fields of North Dakota would hardly fit most peoples' definition of wetlands. The smallest of these glacier-carved features, known as prairie potholes, are under water for

only a few weeks in the spring. During periods of low rainfall, they are almost indistinguishable from any other acreage. But when the frozen ground warms in early spring, the depressions swarm with crustaceans and insects that provide migrating waterfowl with essential protein. The smaller potholes also enable breeding pairs of birds to find the privacy they covet.

Yet seasonal wetlands like the prairie potholes and seemingly dry areas like the edges of lakes and rivers and swamps that are actually waterlogged below ground level are also potential moneymakers for farmers, land developers and oil and gas drillers. Because of pressure from such groups, the Bush Administration has a new policy that endangers these fragile lands. Though the President has not technically violated his 1988 campaign pledge of "No net loss of wetlands," the official definition of a wetland is being narrowed. As much as a third of the 38.4 million hectares (95 million acres) of wetlands in the lower 48 states will be considered wetlands no more and thus will be vulnerable to development. Says Jay Hair, president of the National Wildlife Federation: "The new policy represents a death sentence for much of this critical American resource."

The government action clearly reflects the commonsense—and incorrect—notion that wetlands have to be wet. While swamps and marshes are more important, the dryer wetlands have their unique role in the environment. They are natural flood controls, and they also act as filtration systems for water passing through them. Some wetland plants absorb toxic pollutants like heavy metals.

If the Administration is fuzzy about what constitutes a wetland, that is understandable. Before 1989, there was no official definition, and the four agencies that had jurisdiction over wetland development—the Fish and Wildlife Service, the Army Corps of Engineers, the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Agriculture—often disagreed. Says the NWF's Douglas Inkley: "Sometimes the Corps would say one thing to a farmer, and a week later the EPA would come out and say something different."

The confusion was so great that the agencies finally got together in 1989 and wrote a manual, spelling out for the first time what a wetland is: any depression where water accumulates for seven consecutive days during the growing season, where certain water-loving plants are found and where the soil is saturated enough with water that anaerobic bacterial activity can take place. Development in such areas was forbidden without a special exemption. And anyone wanting an exemption from the rules had to prove that there was no practical alternative to wetlands destruction.

Now the Administration has proposed a new manual that relaxes the rules. It des-

ignates as wetlands areas having 15 consecutive days of inundation during a growing season or 21 days in which the soil is saturated with water up to the surface. Moreover it redefines the growing season to be shorter and reduces the variety of plants that qualify an area as a wetland. The provision requiring proof of no viable alternative to filling in a wetland will apply only to "highly valuable" areas—the top rung on a new classification ladder to be worked out over the next year by a federal panel.

Perhaps the most controversial change is the decision to permit more extensive "mitigation banking," which requires landowners to restore lost wetlands or create new ones in exchange for destroying an existing site. Critics charge that there is no scientific body of evidence to prove that man-made wetlands are a substitute for the real thing.

Still, the outcome could have been worse. EPA chief William Reilly, who was in charge of rewriting the manual, tried to ease the existing guidelines as little as possible. But he had to win the approval of probusiness presidential advisers. The resulting compromise may not please environmentalists, but it may derail a bill moving through Congress that would have been even more damaging to wetlands.

The manual will not become official until after a 60-day period of public comment and a subsequent EPA review, and environmental groups are gearing up to comment loudly. So are those who want to profit from the wetlands. Says Mark Maslyn of the American Farm Bureau Federation: "The new rules bring some common sense back to wetlands policy." But common sense may not be the best guide in a debate that hinges on scientific questions. As with so many other resources, America's marginal wetlands may not be fully appreciated until they are gone. —*Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and J. Madeleine Nash/Bottineau, N. Dak.*

Do We Have Too Many Lawyers?

In a bid to boost his ratings, Vice President Quayle swipes at the bar. A transparent play—but his case has merit.

As a political gambit, the method is tried and true. If you are an unpopular Vice President, refurbish your image by deriding an occupational group with an even lower approval rating than your own. Spiro Agnew popularized the ploy back in 1969 with his bitter denunciations of the news media. Following the same playbook, Vice President Dan Quayle—a lawyer—wangled an invitation to the American Bar Association convention in Atlanta and last week used the forum to mount a blistering attack on the legal profession.

"Our system of civil justice is, at times, a self-inflicted competitive disadvantage," Quayle declared at the outset. What followed was a somewhat pedestrian recital of recommendations for reforming the legal system from the President's Council on Competitiveness, which the Vice President chairs. Many of these ideas represent pro-business leftovers from the Reagan Administration. But Quayle's speech is likely to be remembered for the string of rhetorical questions he asked in conclusion: "Does America really need 70% of the world's lawyers? Is it healthy for our economy to have 18 million new lawsuits coursing through the system annually? Is it right that people with disputes come up against staggering expense and delay?"

Those were fighting words to outgoing A.B.A. president John J. Curtin Jr. Departing from protocol, Curtin stepped to the microphone to offer an impromptu rebuttal. "Anyone who believes a better day dawns when lawyers are eliminated bears the burden of explaining who will take their place," Curtin declared to cheers from the audi-

MORE CASES



The Administration vs. the most powerful profession in America: the Vice President looks on as outgoing A.B.A. president Curtin takes the podium to rebut Quayle's speech

ence. "Who will protect the poor, the injured, the victims of negligence, the victims of racial discrimination and the victims of racial violence?" Not mentioned, of course, were the corporations that provide some A.B.A. members with the bulk of their income. Quayle was allowed the final word. "Nobody is talking about eliminating lawyers," he said, backtracking a bit. "So let's not be extreme about this."

That is precisely the problem—almost everyone is an extremist of one stripe or another when it comes to debating the legal system. Lawyers are advocates, and for some, no cause is more likely to arouse passion than the defense of a profession that, after exacting a grueling apprenticeship, provides their livelihood. The political system is apt to provide only limited succor; nearly half the members of Congress are lawyers. That is certainly one reason why nonlawyers feel compelled to resort to the weapon available to oppressed people everywhere—sarcastic humor. (Q. Why does New Jersey have so much industrial waste and Washington, D.C., so many lawyers? A. New Jersey had first choice.)

Quayle is far from the first politician to mine this populist bedrock of antilawyer sentiment. Jimmy Carter attacked the legal profession for providing unequal standards of justice for the rich and the poor. Quayle's emphasis was not justice but competitiveness. By framing the debate in these terms, he raised a series of provocative questions about the legal profession's role in national economic life.

How Many Lawyers Are Too Many? By A.B.A. reckoning, there are now almost 800,000 licensed lawyers in the U.S., 1 for every 300 Americans. Even amid the well-publicized contraction of blue-chip firms, the fruits of the law remain abundant—across the U.S., partners earn an average of \$168,000 annually, with incomes up to \$1 million not unusual in places like Manhattan. Small wonder 94,000 college graduates applied for admission to law school this year.

The glut of lawyers, as Quayle pointed out, is a peculiarly American phenomenon. The standard defense is offered by Vanderbilt Law School professor Harold Levinson, who says, "We ask more of our legal system, perhaps more than any other country in the

MORE MONEY

Average punitive damages awarded by jury
1987 study of 24,000 jury trials
in Cook County, Ill.

1965-69
\$43,000

1980-84
\$729,000
(dollars adjusted for inflation)



world." True, the courts have a broad mandate in everything from the environment to civil rights, but blaming the legal system for the nation's disproportionate number of lawyers is a somewhat circular argument.

Is There Too Much Litigation? This claim is at the heart of Quayle's argument: the Council on Competitiveness contends that lawsuits filed in federal court have nearly tripled in 30 years. Quayle also trumpeted a 1989 *Forbes* magazine estimate that the annual cost to the nation of all litigation and related insurance is more than \$80 billion. As Walter Olson, the author of *The Litigation Explosion*, argues, "A litigator can come around, dump a pile of papers on your front lawn and you can go literally broke trying to respond to it."

No one can deny the growing American penchant for ludicrous lawsuits, but the issue that arouses Quayle is far narrower: product liability suits against major corporations, on whose not-so-hidden behalf Quayle was speaking. David Leebron, a professor at Columbia Law School, acknowledges that the number of cases has soared in a few areas, such as damages from asbestos. "These are primarily what make it look like litigation has exploded," he contends. The significance of the class-action lawsuits, he contends, is that they have "increased the numbers and kinds of plaintiffs who can bring their claims to court."

In the current lax regulatory climate, which the Bush Administration fosters, lawsuits often represent the only way to enforce corporate accountability. As consumer lawyer Linda Lipsen says, "You can't stand Corporate America before a blackboard and have them write 100 times: 'I will not put issues of greed over issues of public safety.'" The cozy pattern of self-regulation among some professional groups, like doctors, only compounds the litigation problem. Legal critic Charles Peters, the editor of the *Washington Monthly*, argues that this means "there is no effective discipline for misconduct by a physician other than the malpractice suit."

Did Quayle Offer the Right Remedies?

Some of the Vice President's proposals, such as a societal emphasis on mediation over litigation, can be embraced by everyone other than the most self-protective attorney. Others are intriguing, such as his advocacy of the English system, in which the loser in a civil suit is required to pay the victor's legal bills.

But no legal issue raised by the Vice President is more controversial than his attack on punitive damages in civil cases, which he claims "have grown dramatically in frequency and size." Many legal experts deny that such a problem exists. There are, to be sure, random horror stories of seemingly senseless multimillion-dollar jury verdicts, but scant evidence exists that such anecdotes add up to a statistically valid pattern. A 1990 study by the American Bar

Foundation concluded that "juries do not award punitive damages in a large percentage of money damage cases." But Quayle insists that judges, not juries, should have the sole power to assess monetary damages. This is an odd stance for a populist, since juries represent the one role for the average citizen in the closed world of the legal system. If reform is needed, far more worthy is an issue Quayle neglected: the way plaintiffs can win a major case, as in much of the asbestos litigation, and then watch as their compensation is devoured by lawyers and expert witnesses.

In politics, it is dangerous to judge the quality of the message by the identity of the messenger. For many Americans, Dan Quayle remains the most problematic figure in the Bush Administration—the target of TV comics rather than the source of substantial policy proposals. None of this should detract from the public service Quayle performed at the A.B.A. convention. Maybe it is true that God loved lawyers because he made so many of them, but that does not mean that the rest of us—from the Vice President on down—need to be happy with the result.

—Reported by Julie Johnson/
Washington and Ratu Kamani/
New York

MORE LAWYERS

Number per 100,000
population (1989)



Dan Quayle's Legal Career

Dan Quayle, it might be said, put his ironies in the fire when he took on the entire legal profession in his A.B.A. speech. What is curious about this newly minted legal critic is not that the Vice President is a lawyer by training but that hitherto he has always been such an indifferent one.

When Quayle was under attack during the 1988 election campaign for enlisting in the National Guard in 1969 and thereby avoiding Vietnam, he had a simple explanation for his choice of military service: "I wanted to go to law school as soon as possible." But with a lackadaisical undergraduate record at DePauw University, he was far from standard-issue law-school material. Through family connections, Quayle finally won admission to the night program at Indiana University. There he met his soon-to-be wife Marilyn, another law student. Quayle, who has refused to release his law-school transcript, also worked full-time as an aide in the state attorney general's office. He passed the bar exam in 1974 and spent the next two years working for his father's newspaper, the *Huntington Herald-Press*, until he was elected to Congress in 1976. That was Quayle's entire legal record. Marilyn was the lawyer in the family; he was the politician.

Quayle's A.B.A. speech had its roots in meetings of the President's Council on Competitiveness beginning last December. His staff seized upon his scheduled appearance as an event that, as one aide put it, "would force us to get off the dime" on putting together a package of proposals for civil-justice reform. Such a package, it was believed, would provide Quayle with a high-visibility issue on which he could take the lead, thus enhancing his claim on the ticket for 1992. His remarks were drafted by his regular speechwriter, John McConnell, but the Vice President made extensive revisions during his recent trip to Latin America. In early May, Quayle road-tested some of his themes in a speech to a judicial conference. Back then he took pains to reassure his audience, "I'm an attorney; I'm also married to one—so I don't want to bash lawyers." The Vice President abandoned these constraints last week, and an unlikely lawyer basher was born. ■

When the Bench Uses a Club

Journalists face more subpoenas to hand over notes and sources—often for dubious or gratuitous reasons

By **WILLIAM A. HENRY III**

What you see often depends on where you sit. If it is in a newsroom, you probably believe what democracy needs most is to protect the free flow of information. If it is on a judicial bench or in a prosecutor's office, you probably focus on respect for the rule of law. In truth, free press and fair trial are both important values. But they can collide, and increasingly journalists lose. News organizations find themselves ever more under court order to reveal confidential sources and sometimes to hand over notes en bloc—often to a lawyer on a fishing expedition for anything that might help.

In an extreme case that captured headlines last week, a journalist's sources were stripped bare without the reporter even being notified of the search. In Hamilton County, Ohio, a prosecutor ordered a secret electronic snoop through the records of 35 million telephone calls made between March 1 and June 15 from 655,000 southwestern Ohio lines to find any potential corporate leakers who had called the home or office of *Wall Street Journal* Pittsburgh bureau reporter Alecia Swasy while she was researching stories that embarrassed Procter & Gamble, a major Cincinnati area employer.

Swasy is now enduring one of the two main results of the subpoena epidemic, a chill on her work because confidential sources may not feel safely anonymous. Other reporters have faced worse. In recent months, Libby Avery of Texas' Corpus Christi *Call-Times* and Brian Karem of KMOL-TV in San Antonio were jailed briefly for withholding unpublished or confidential information. Jail, fines or other punishments were threatened against reporters at the Washington Post, Los Angeles Times, Miami Herald, Houston Post and Chronicle, Oakland Tribune and even Florida's Stuart News and Oklahoma's Pryor Daily Times.

In all, U.S. news media faced nearly 4,500 subpoenas in 1989, the only year for which statistics exist. Editors and attorneys agree that the volume has surged since. The demands have expanded beyond criminal cases to civil suits, which now account for a third of all subpoenas. Some involve government policy or alleged libel. Many are routine requests for published stories. But



BOSTON Patricia Mangan of the Herald and David Roepik of wcvb-TV battle the district attorney to conceal sources in the Charles Stuart murder case



LOS ANGELES Richard Serrano of the Times faces a judge's wrath for obtaining a secret report on a videotaped police beating

in a rising number of cases, the demands are invasive, the battle is over money, and the conflict strictly involves private parties. That was actually the case in Cincinnati, where P&G failed to prevent the leaking of internal policy debates, then persuaded authorities to view the matter as a criminal violation of laws protecting trade secrets.

Journalists feel a moral obligation to sources; in June the Supreme Court held that there may also be a legal one. It ruled that a political consultant who planted damaging facts about an opponent could sue two Minnesota dailies for printing his name after reporters vowed not to. Yet the trend is toward more subpoenas to reveal sources, even in the 28 states that offer some sort of shield law, in part because judges often nullify the protection. They are especially prone to do so in cases involving serious crime. Reporters reply that the

information being sought can be found in other ways or is not essential. In covering Charles Stuart—the Boston man who claimed his wife was shot by a black robber, then confessed to the crime and committed suicide—reporters Patricia Mangan of the

Boston Herald and David Roepik of the city's wcvb-TV suggested that Stuart's brother was complicit. The district attorney sued unsuccessfully to make them reveal sources, arguing that other means had been exhausted. Says Roepik: "I happen to know that the question, 'Were you Mr. Roepik's or Ms. Mangan's source?' was not put to a number of people who appeared before the grand jury."

Occasional cases involve outright judicial pique. California Superior Court Judge Bernard Kamins defined the logic of the state shield law, which bars judges from finding reporters in contempt for protecting a source, when Richard Serrano of the Los Angeles Times would not say how he got a secret report about the notorious videotaped police beating of Rodney King. In May, Kamins imposed a \$1,500-a-day fine, later much reduced, claiming the punishment was not for contempt but for refusal to expose who violated Kamins' gag order.

Win or lose, reporters often become gun-shy. The San Francisco Chronicle's Erin Hallissy has been in and out of court for five years to safeguard notes she made of her jailhouse meeting with an accused multiple murderer when she worked for the nearby Contra Costa Times. She says, "In interviews like that, I think, 'Do I really want to get myself involved?'" Serrano says whether or not he was chilled, his sources were. "My phone calls weren't returned."

Sometimes editors see no reason to resist subpoenas. More often they can't stand the political heat, legal expense or logistical difficulty of having staff tied up in court. Harry Harris, a 26-year veteran of the Oakland Tribune, fought for a while but was eventually advised by Tribune lawyers to show his notebook in a murder case to a judge in chambers. He says, "I really have been affected by it. When you go into an interview, you say, 'Look, what you say is between you and me, and what I don't use, the public doesn't know about.'" That is the deal every reporter makes. The real danger in the rush to subpoena reporters is that news organizations will face expense or inconvenience but that stories that used to be hard to get will become—as Procter & Gamble so plainly hoped—well nigh impossible. —Reported by Dan Crary/Los Angeles with other bureaus



Warm days. Warmer nights.
And only one thing
could cool them down.

In the 1920's there was no air conditioning, but there certainly was plenty of heat.

The First World War not only freed nations, it freed inhibitions. Romance was in. Not just on the silver screen, but in ballrooms, living rooms and verandas all over America.

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True, these days we do have other ways to keep our cool. But don't they, compared to an ice cold Gilbey's and tonic, somehow leave you cold?



Gilbey's. The Authentic Gin.

A Three-Espresso Hallucination

Audacious, difficult—all right, weird—Barton Fink confirms the status of the Coen brothers, Joel and Ethan, as distinctive postmodern film artists

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

You're going to be hearing a lot about *Barton Fink* in the next few weeks. Gnostic, claustrophobic, hallucinatory, just plain weird, it is the kind of movie critics can soak up thousands of words analyzing and cinephiles can soak up at least three espressos arguing their way through.

It is, as well, the first film to accomplish the hat trick at the Cannes festival (best picture, best director and best actor), and we all understand, don't we, that when it comes to our own movies, the French always know what's best for—and by—us American primitives.

Finally, it is the work of two brothers, Joel and Ethan Coen, who have, professionally speaking, rolled themselves into a single, significant auteur in the course of just seven years and four films, in the process developing cult and critical followings of large and vociferous proportions.

In other words, intrinsically problematic as *Barton Fink* is, it is good copy, especially in August, when scarcely an interesting creature is stirring in the theaters. Whether or not it is likely to prove good box office is quite another, if equally problematic, matter. For this is *Terminator* season, and one has to wonder: Do a profitably large number of American citizens, out for a good time, or at best a conventionally inspirational one, really want to see a movie that is essentially about a man sitting in a hotel room suffering a monumental writer's block in Hollywood a half-century ago?

The answer is almost certainly no. This is not, putting it mildly, a subject of wide or particularly pressing current interest. *Barton Fink*'s capacity for spiritual uplift is nil, and though the plight of the eponymous scrivener is often bleakly funny, we are not talking *Hot Shots!* here. In fact, with its long passages in which, literally, we are invited to watch nothing more stirring than paper peeling off the walls (or not moving through Barton's typewriter), the movie may challenge the faith of even the most loyal Coenheads.

But it will never shatter that faith beyond repair. For even when its narrative stalls and its dialogue stammers incoherently, the picture seems at worst a neces-

sary mistake for its creators. At its best, and especially considered in the light of the Coens' previous ventures, *Barton Fink* seems both marvelously audacious and quite inevitable.

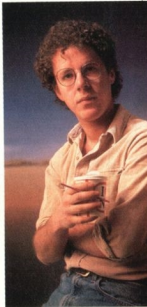
The Coens' earlier films, like those of many young filmmakers, worked out of, and off of, the American genre tradition. *Blood Simple* was a film noir, *Raising Arizona* a screwball comedy of sorts and *Miller's Crossing*, which was probably 1990's best movie, a reanimation of the classic gang-

ster dramas of the 1930s. But these movies were not send-ups, rip-offs or slavish homages. Each was, instead, a dark, devious and witty reinvention of whatever inspired it. *Barton Fink* is, in this context, a logical next step. Evoking no particular genre, it is nothing less than a shrewdly perverse gloss on the darkly romantic (and wildly oversimplified) dialectic by which people have for ages tried—and failed—to understand how the whole movie enterprise works.

As this story is traditionally told, Holly-



Barton Fink



Ethan and Joel Coen, top center, revise the legend of innocent talent corrupted by Hollywood in their new movie about a screenwriter, superbly played by John Turturro, above, and his near fatal encounter with the common man, embodied by John Goodman, right



Barton Fink

wood is the great corrupter of innocent talent, luring it away from righteousness with false promises of easy money for easy work, then blunting and eventually ruining it with vulgar values and stupefying assignments. In the Coens' revision of this legend, their title character (John Turturro, quite correctly a Coen favorite) is a proletarian playwright who calls to mind that real-life theatrical leftist Clifford Odets. Working on a wrestling picture at the behest of a studio boss (Michael Lerner) straight out of every literary intellectual's nightmares, and turning for advice to drunken, softly cynical W.P. Mayhew (John Mahoney), a figure unmistakably inspired by William Faulkner, Barton is neither a heroic symbol of resistance to materialism nor a sympathetic victim. He's just kind of a jerk.

Historically Odets is usually seen as the great cautionary example of what Hollywood can do to a principled artist. But as the Coens reimagine the type, it is actually

his unexamined political principles that undo him, not Hollywood crassness. Believing not wisely but entirely too well that all virtue resides in the common man, he befriends Charlie Meadows (John Goodman), his next-door neighbor in the hotel, who could not be more genially common—nor better played. Goodman's sunny menace sheds a glorious crosslight on Turturro's superb performance as an almost perfectly unattractive man, at once arrogant and self-effacing, politically articulate yet incapable of ordinary human connections.

Anyone else but Barton might have read the danger signals Meadows sends forth, might have guessed at the murderous madness beneath his bonhomie. When, eventually, Meadows strikes perilously close to Barton, and the writer finally asks why, he gets a chilling answer that contains, perhaps, the entire moral of the movie. "Because you don't listen," Meadows says. This is, of course, precisely the problem with people who substitute grand

ideological fantasies for clear and realistic observation of the world.

The Coens, who themselves like to play boyish innocence, are in fact odd ducks, not least in their symbiotic closeness. In conversation they have a slightly spooky habit of finishing each other's sentences. "You're only working with one boss," says Barry Sonnenfeld, the cinematographer of their first three films. "He just happens to be in two bodies." In their compulsively careful (and frugal) working methods, the Coens are as alienated from contemporary Hollywood as their protagonist is from the old-time movie colony. Growing up in a Minneapolis suburb, the sons of university teachers, they made little super-8 parodies of the movies they saw on TV before going their separate ways for a while—Joel, now 35, to study film at New York University and start a career as editor of low-budget features, Ethan, now 32, to major in philosophy at Princeton. It may be that the former's intelligence is the more cinematic, the latter's the more literary, but only

they know for certain the details of their collaboration.

And they're not telling. On all their films Joel is credited as the director, Ethan as the producer and both as screenwriters; but it is hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Nor will they discuss the quite separate private lives they lead when they leave the Manhattan studio apartment where they meet every day to write and storyboard their films. They also refuse to lay out the meanings of their films or make any large moral claims for them. They say the *Barton Fink* script arose in part out of a writing block of their own, in part out of a desire to write a good role for their pal Turturro, in part because, in Ethan's words, "we started thinking about a big empty hotel." As he says of these various elements, "Who knows quite how they go together or what precipitates what?" To say more than that, adds Joel, "is just not appealing to us in any way."

Indeed, their dreamlike realization of their script, though often imaginatively striking, deliberately subverts their message and all too often alienates the viewer. You get the feeling that visually they are purposely, maybe even maliciously, messing with our heads instead of informing us. But whether they admit it or not—and it's not something anyone who needs mainstream financing is likely to own up to—the Coens are palpably, self-consciously postmodern artists, and that sets them apart from almost everybody else making theatrical films in America today. They are therefore entitled to patience, respect and, yes, perhaps a special gratitude for this movie, which never once compromises its fundamentally unpromising yet courageously aspiring nature.

—With reporting by Janice C. Simpson/New York



BARON—BARTON FINK



Raising Arizona



Miller's Crossing

Whether making a screwball comedy (above, with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter) or a gangster drama (left, with Gabriel Byrne and Marcia Gay Harden), the Coens deviously and wittily reinvent the genre that inspired them

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Show Business

Aerobics for the Imagination

From France comes a one-ring wonder that makes a circus out of acrobatics, clowning—and the audience's dreams

By JAY COCKS

There is only a bare stage, the magic tricks are purposely corny, and the largest wild animal is made of chairs. The entire troupe, including costumes and apparatus, could fit into a clown car with room left over for a family of four. This is far too modest to be the greatest show on earth. How about something simpler: a one-ring wonder. The sweetest little circus this side of Barnum.

Le Cirque Invisible has the wit and wonder of some half-remembered childhood reverie, as well as some of the contemporary sass of Penn and Teller. But Le Cirque is not quite invisible. To make it appear full-blown, in all its winsome glory, the audience must supplement the inventions of its two creator-performers, Victoria Chaplin and Jean Baptiste Thierree, with creativity of their own. It is an aerobic workout for the imagination.

Premiered Stateside before a rapturous audience last week at the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge, Mass., Le Cirque will continue through Sept. 1, then move to Houston's Alley Theater from Sept. 4 through 18. The current show is a new version of the Chaplin-Thierree *Le Cirque Imaginaire*, which barnstormed Europe and the U.S. for more than a decade. Thierree, the show's resident jester and prestidigitator, and Chaplin, who does stunning acrobatics and uses modest props to transform herself into a virtual bestiary, credit audience reactions with shaping Le Cirque's evolution. Says Chaplin: "The circus, or vaudeville, must listen to the audience and try to meet its wishes or, even better, its dreams."

Sweet dreams, antic dreams, strange dreams: a man strolls onstage with a small marionette in the shape of a coffeepot, then runs off and reappears as a huge percolator walking a tiny man-shaped marionette. A pixilated sleight-of-hand artist puts a bunny in a box (ho-hum), pulls out an air pump (hmmm), attaches same to box and pumps mightily (what?), and finally produces not the expected exploding hare but a live jumbo rabbit who appears to

be only slightly smaller than a Shetland. All right, all right—it's still only a big bunny, but it seems so large because the Chaplin-Thierree inspiration expands audience perception even while teasing it.

Chaplin, the fourth of eight children of Charlie Chaplin and Oona O'Neill, and Thierree, who has performed for such talents as Federico Fellini and Peter Brook,



Thierree in *Le Cirque Invisible*: pixilated sleight of hand

share a sense of theater as a primal force and of spectacle as something inward. For them it is not spiritual, exactly, but not entirely show biz either. Their circus began in 1971 in Avignon, when it featured 30 performers and a regulation menagerie. In the intervening years, the focus has become more precise, so that now the whole business can quite handily be contained on a bare stage, within the confines of the 23-ft. mat that serves as its sole ring.

For all its simplicity and deliberately dotty charm, though, *Le Cirque* is far from fey. Thierree's tricks and clowning have the savor of the music hall, and Chaplin's acrobatics are accomplished with an athletic elegance too tough to be simply precious. Their son James Spencer Thierree, 17, also appears for some of the more elaborate routines and provides bicycle acrobatics of his own, thus making *Le Cirque*, in every sense, a family event. The elder Thierree has given due consideration to posterity. "With this title," he points out with typical logic, "we can very well continue touring after death."

Books

When Harry Met Clare . . .

HENRY & CLARE: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF THE LUCES
by Ralph G. Martin; Putnam; 463 pages; \$24.95

By JOHN ELSON

The first serious encounter between the co-founder of this magazine and the woman who became his second wife took place at a 1934 dinner given by mutual friends. Clare Boothe Brokaw sat at Henry R. Luce's right; but they scarcely talked, and he left early; she thought him fascinating but incredibly rude. Two months later, at a Waldorf-Astoria party honoring Cole Porter, it was a different story. Oblivious to other guests, including his then spouse Lila, Luce sat with Brokaw at a corner table and conversed intently until 4 a.m. In the hotel lobby, he blurted out, "How does it feel to be told that you are the one woman, the only woman, in a man's life?" "Whose life?" she asked. "Mine," he answered.

Thus, according to this slovenly written tattle tale, began one of the most famous of America's celebrity unions. With 11-year-old TIME both popular and profitable and newly born FORTUNE a critical success, Harry Luce, then 36, was on the verge of becoming the nation's most powerful magazine publisher. Clare Brokaw—journalist and playwright, future Congresswoman and ambassador—at 31 was Manhattan's paradigmatic gay divorcee, renowned as much for her merciless wit as for her delicate porcelain beauty.

The pair married in 1935, but the union was not perfect. Harry, Martin writes, had extended relationships with Jean Dalrymple, a Broadway producer and theatrical

agent (and platonically, it seems) with Mary Bancroft, who, among other accomplishments, had been a wartime spy master for the OSS. Clare's lovers, according to the author, included financier Bernard Baruch, Sir Winston Churchill's son Randolph and others (as the saying goes) too numerous to mention. Martin portrays Harry as a reluctant adulterer, consumed



The Luces: infidelity on both sides, but the marriage endured

with Presbyterian guilt, who sought from other women the kind of feminine solace Clare could not or would not give. Clare, by contrast, is limned as a dazzling but neurotic conniver for whom sex was primarily a way to keep men at her feet.

The liaison that most seriously threatened the marriage, which endured until Luce's death in 1967, involved Lady Jeanne Campbell, granddaughter of the British press tycoon Lord Beaverbrook. As

a favor to the Beaver, TIME in 1956 found a minor job in its picture department for Lady Jeanne. Luce became so openly smitten with this cheerful redhead, 31 years his junior, that rumors of the affair appeared in gossip columns. He discussed a divorce with Clare but backed away, Martin alleges, when she attempted suicide and demanded editorial control of TIME Inc. as the price of freedom. On the rebound, Lady Jeanne briefly and tempestuously married novelist Norman Mailer.

All this is quite titillating—and some of it has been recorded before—but there are grounds for wondering how accurate Martin's amatory scorekeeping really is. In

his acknowledgments and chapter notes, the author cites the "invaluable" assistance of interviews with Richard M. Clurman, for many years TIME Inc.'s chief of correspondents, and his wife Shirley, a close friend of Clare's and a former TIME publicist. But Dick Clurman states categorically that he merely gave Martin a list of potential sources and was too busy to submit to an interview. Shirley Clurman says she spoke with Martin "for 20 minutes, maximum." Asked about the author's assertion that Clare and Randolph Churchill were lovers, Mrs. Clurman has a succinct retort: "Garbage!"

These are not the only credibility gaps. *Henry & Clare* is rife with errors, undocumented innuendo, non sequiturs and contradictions. Martin shows little understanding of how the Luce organization worked; the portraits of his principals are caricature-crude, especially in the case of Clare. In biography even more than architecture, God is in the details. By that standard, *Henry & Clare* deserves the scathing verdict that Luce often penciled on drafts of unsatisfactory stories: "Needs work." ■

Itty-Bitty

UH-OH

by Robert Fulghum
Villard; 244 pages; \$19

"Hey, honey, do we really need any more philosophical tofu?" (Henry Featherless and his wife Glenda are browsing in the Just Barely Books store at the shopping mall. He flips through a demure volume she has chosen, suppresses a snicker and gives her the business.) "Says here on the dust jacket, *Itty-Bitty Insights, Part 3*."

"It does not. And a few insights of any size wouldn't crowd your psyche at all. Lots of room in there."

"Yeah, well I'm not going to be read to at the breakfast table from a book called *Uh-Oh*. Unh-unh."

"Grunt all you want. Millions of people were helped by Robert Fulghum's first two books, *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten* and *It Was on Fire When I Lay Down on It*."

"Millions of lip movers, right? Suckers for weensy wisdom."

"What do you have against Fulghum? He sounds like a very nice man."

"His essays are feel-good pills."

"What's wrong with feeling good?"

"Nothing, if you don't make a habit of it."

But—notice that I am opening *Uh-Oh* at random—right here he's in a grocery store, holding a can of tuna fish and being sensitive. He thinks about 'all the incredible

learning and working and the machinery and the processes and the fishing boats and fishermen and factory ships and trains and trucks that brought it here from so far away.' When I read that, I don't feel so good."

"He's just being sincere, and you hate it."

"You bet. Also, I don't believe his stuff."

I don't believe that sensing a need to take himself less seriously, he walked downtown wearing a suit and tie and a little kid's cap with a propeller. Or that he wears a watch with a face but no hands, to remind himself that time is eternal. He makes it all up."

"So did your hero, Herman Melville."

"Melville doesn't make my teeth hurt. Fulghum belongs in greeting cards."

"He'll be sad to hear that. And now I'm going to the toy store, to buy you a beanie with a propeller."

—By John Skow



SOMETIMES, BEING DIFFERENT IS THE PRICE OF BEING BETTER.

It's been called...strange. Which it is. But in a Saab, strangeness is more than skin deep.

Take, for example, the odd-looking profile of a Saab 900. It houses 56.5 cu. ft. of cargo space, enough to fit a six-foot refrigerator. It also houses a steel passenger safety cage, plus front and rear crumple zones. Which help explain why the 900 has the best safety record in its class.*

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The moral being: Set out to build a conventional car, and it will come out looking ordinary.

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VIEW POINTS

MUSIC

The Sounds of Simon

"Ten thousand people, maybe more," goes the line in *The Sounds of Silence*. Make that many, many more. An estimated 750,000, in fact, equivalent to the entire population of Baltimore, all crammed into a single patch of New York City's Central Park. **PAUL SIMON** was back, a decade after his first free concert there, but this time things were different. Unlike in 1981, he didn't invite his erstwhile partner Art Garfunkel to join him. Simon, now the Midas of polycultural pop, seemed determined to banish the ghost of the folk-rock sound that made him famous. Backed by a 17-piece band, he kicked off the show (broadcast live on HBO) with the rousing samba tattoo of *The Obvious Child*, from his album *The Rhythm of the Saints*, and kept up the momentum with 2½ hours of undulating, Afro-Caribbean-flavored music. The older songs that were included were transformed, including a reggae-tinged *Bridge over Troubled Water* and a percolating version of *Cecilia* that bore only a glancing resemblance to the original. Overall: no Art, but plenty of artistry. —G.G.



OPERA

Under a Spell of Love

What U.S. cultural magnet is located in Cooperstown, N.Y.? Easy: **GLIMMERGLASS OPERA**. Well, yes, the Baseball Hall of Fame is there too, but in contrast to the Hall of Fame, Glimmerglass's hits (and its basses) are onstage. Set along the sylvan shore of Otsego Lake, the festival is noted for its ambitious repertory and stable of budding American singers. This summer's season features a Jonathan Miller production of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in which Miller does not change the 18th century prison locale to one of those vogueish operatic places he calls "nowhere and nowhen," but instead treats the work with standard, even standoffish respect. The surprise is *Il Re Pastore*, an 18th century trifle about a shepherd king who is prepared to give up the throne for his sweetheart. Director Mark Lamos uses a scene-shifting crew of children in T-shirts and sneakers, who playfully push four large letters together, forming AMOR. Later, two more letters appear to create the enigmatic TRAZOM. For the happy finale, the letters are reversed. The composer, who often used the backward spelling in correspondence, would have enjoyed the joke. —E.M.



CINEMA

Dublin Soul

Hey, kids, let's put the show on right here! Better yet, let Alan Parker stage it for you. In *Bugsy Malone* (1976) and *Fame* (1980), this English director assembled teen casts for slick, violent musical parables. Now, in **THE COMMITMENTS**, he turns Roddy Doyle's novel about a Dublin band into a rousing entertainment. It has the larkish wit and edgy camaraderie of the Beatles' first film, *A Hard Day's Night*, to which it might serve as a prequel: a kid on the dole (Robert Arkins) organizes a fledgling group devoted to covering '60s rhythm-and-blues songs. How fervently these members of the Irish underclass wish to be black! And how it must have tempted Parker, who in his recent films (*Mississippi Burning*, *Come See the*

Paradise) has told America what to think about racial issues, to insert a lecture during the break. Here, though, the big drama is whether soul survivor Wilson Pickett will show up at the band's big gig. The picture could be half an hour shorter or twice as long—and that would be just fine, because *The Commitments* runs on rough charm and roadhouse melody. The film offers no message, no solutions, only a great time at the movies. —R.C.



THEATER

Black, White and Blue-Collar

Cartoonists from Jules Feiffer to Garry Trudeau have doubled as playwrights, for understandable reasons: both crafts use dialogue and visual narrative, and in both the best humor is rooted in personality. Lynda Barry, whose weekly comic strip *Ernie Pook's Co-meek* appears in 55 newspapers, shows that her truest métier may be the stage in **THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME**, a sometimes campy yet mostly poignant off-Broadway memoir of blue-collar life in the '60s. The plot crams in far too much—infinity and divorce, the random death of a child, teen sex, *Volare*, bygone rock dances, a misbegotten camping trip—and the two dozen-plus characters are mostly stereotypes and sketches. But the core story is believably specific and disconcertingly universal: the emergence of a friendship between two preteen girls, one black and one white, amid all the social influences that tend to divide them. Angela Goethals, 14, is affectingly sincere as the white narrator. As her friend, Chandra Wilson, who turns 22 this week, has wit and fire and the promise of major stardom. —W.A.H. III



TELEVISION

Son Burn

Temperature's rising on night TV, and the young fellow with the thermometer—oh, it's a microphone—is Ron Reagan, former ballet dancer, occasional journalist and permanent son of the 40th President of the U.S. Gipperphiles will tune in to **THE RON REAGAN SHOW** to see the host twit Kitty Kelley, "who we know applies only the highest journalistic standards to her work." Gipperphiles will be pleased to hear Ron bad-mouth the policies of the Reagan Administration. He treats the tightrope in Jimmy Stewart style, his aw-shucks ingenuity tempered with wry skepticism. The kid needs both in this R-rated mélange of volatile guests (discussing steroids, Fundamentalism, rap music, gay rage) and a rowdy, het-up audience. The result is part encounter group, part bear baiting. And Ron seems willing to play, not omniscient emcee, but human sacrifice. "I used to be able to control this show," he quipped after both he and his wife had been called gay, "but no more." It makes for gruesome spectacle and, so far, nifty TV. —R.C.



Music



Bright lights, boomtown: Nashville may be the capital of country, but Branson, Mo., is its Broadway

Country Music's New Mecca

Why 5 million people a year spend \$1.5 billion in a tiny but tuneful town nestled in the Ozarks

By ELIZABETH L. BLAND

It is 200 miles south of Kansas City, near the center of the U.S. but isolated from everything. You reach it by a two-lane highway that snakes through the Ozark Mountains with nothing but oak trees for company. You round a corner and—Look!—there is a line of campers and cars stretching to the horizon, crawling along a five-mile strip of neon lights that flash from theaters, motels and miniature golf courses.

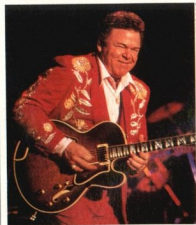
Welcome to Branson, Mo. (pop. 3,706). This hardscrabble town attracts 5 million tourists a year, who drop an estimated \$1.5 billion into local pockets. And in a recession-slowed summer when many travelers are staying close to home and spending less, business in Branson is up 5% from last year.

The draw: big-time country-music shows, enough to fill 24 theaters every afternoon and evening, with stars such as Mickey Gilley, Loretta Lynn, Conway Twitty, Mel Tillis and Reba McEntire, several of whom have moved to the area and own the theaters in which they perform. Nashville may still be the capital of country music, its recording and publishing hub, but Branson has become its Broadway. Says Mel Tillis (*Heart Healer*), who moved to Branson two years ago: "You go to Nashville, you see the stars' homes. You come to Branson, you see the stars."

Down-home hospitality keeps the audiences coming—mostly from a 300-mile radius that takes in St. Louis, Memphis and Wichita, but increasingly from all across the U.S. Patrons can meet the stars' fam-

ilies in theater lobbies; Tillis' wife, for one, sells candy. Most of the performers sit onstage at intermission to sign autographs, and violinist Shoji Tabuchi heads to the parking lot after his show to wave goodbye to the tour buses. Prices are right too. You can still get a motel room for \$40, and there are 6,000 campsites in town. Says Mary Nell King of Pocahtontas, Ark.: "I've seen one Broadway show in the past 10 years. But we can get to Branson two or three times a year."

The appeal of the rolling Ozarks is not lost on the entertainers, most of whom have settled there after long, exhausting runs on the road. Even with 12 shows a week, Tillis considers life in Branson "a vacation." Says resident singer-comedian Jim Stafford,



Clark in his theater, where it all started

whose witty, whimsical show is in its second year: "It is easy to get burned out on the road. But here I live on the lake. I just drive in, play and go home."

Branson, too rocky to grow anything but "kids and tomatoes," has long been a tourist town. It drew its early visitors as the setting of the sentimental 1907 best seller *The Shepherd of the Hills*, now re-enacted nightly in an amphitheater. Things picked up around 1960 with the opening of Silver Dollar City, a turn-of-the-century theme park, and Table Rock Lake, a fish-rich creation of the Army Corps of Engineers. At about the same time came a country jamboree called the *Baldknobbers*, named for a legendary vigilante group, and still a top attraction. But it was not until 1983,

when Roy Clark's Celebrity Theater began to bring big names to town, that the strip began its growth spurt.

Next spring will see the strongest surge yet: new theaters from Johnny Cash, Silver Dollar City and, perhaps, Andy Williams. Country is still king, but the newer shows have broader ambitions. Violinist Tabuchi's variety show, perhaps the most popular in town, downplays country and goes heavy on glitz. Says Ben Bush, a businessman who plays a two-theater complex next spring: "People want to be entertained. If that means less country music, then that is what it will take."

But city fathers have no intention of turning their town into another Las Vegas. Branson sees itself as a family attraction: almost every production has a flag-waving number, and there are several gospel shows. Jack Herschend, president of Silver Dollar City, points out that no blue shows have succeeded. "This is such a family place that anyone who tried to capture the off-color niche wouldn't work."

Some locals are less than thrilled by the heavy traffic—and by the half-percent increase in sales tax passed last week to pay for new roads. Many more jobs are available than in the past, but most are seasonal and pay at or near minimum wage. "In the winter everyone sits around on unemployment," says Gary Evans, a vending-machine salesman. "Mostly, though, the attitude is, 'Don't bite the hand that feeds you.'"

But there is no turning back the clock. Too many tourists have found a friendly, affordable mecca in Branson; too many nationally known performers, some of whose hits are behind them, have found appreciative audiences. "It is an honest-to-goodness boomtown," says Stafford. "There are other places where this could be happening, but it's not. The gold rush is here." Spoken like a true pioneer.

People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI / Reported by Wendy Cole

Tennis Racket

Sure it's great fun to watch **GABRIELA SABATINI** and **MONICA SELES** play tennis, but for real excitement check out their merchandising moxie. Both make millions from lucrative endorsement deals, and both will use the occasion of next week's U.S. Open to push unlikely products. Sabatini is serving up "a flowery, exotic" perfume that bears her name and sells for a mere \$50 per 1/4 oz. Nothing like a sweat-soaked sports figure to make you want to splash on the smelly stuff. Meanwhile, Seles has figured out how to cash in on the controversy surrounding her Wimbledon absence: she's expected to announce next week that she will become the new spokesmodel for **No Excuses jeans**, following in the footsteps of scandal starlets **Donna Rice** and **Marla Maples**. Denim, anyone?



Go, Cuba!

There he was, **Fidel Castro**, making like your average sports nut and doing the wave during a women's basketball game at the Pan American Games in Havana. The Cuban leader, who turned 65 last week, did not, however, heckle the referees or spill beer on the person next to him.

Hook, Line And Tinkerbell

It had to happen. Steven Spielberg, the director who never grew up, has made a big-budget movie about Peter Pan. It's called *Hook*, and it features **Robin Williams** as the flying sprite, **Dustin Hoffman** as Captain Hook and **Julia Roberts** as Tinkerbell. "It's a dream cast and a dream project," says Spielberg, and it's also a *Hook* with a twist: Peter Pan is a grown-up arbitrager who must recapture his lost youth to save his children. "The idea of a revisionist Peter Pan was so full of magic," says the director, "that I was immediately hooked, so to speak." He wasn't the only one: Hoffman wanted to make the movie for his kids, while Williams says, "The fantasy part is incredible. Part Errol Flynn, part Amelia Earhart, with no bags." A visit to the set was this summer's hot ticket in Hollywood.



But the biggest fuss surrounding *Hook* had to do with Roberts. She ignited a media fire storm by calling off her June wedding to Kiefer Sutherland, then stoked the flame by playing public footsie with a new

bau, Jason Patric. Her big summer film, *Dying Young*, died young, just as rumors raged that she might be replaced on *Hook* by Michelle Pfeiffer. "Next I expected to hear that Elvis was playing Captain Hook," says Wil-



liams. Spielberg admits "the rumors were a bit disruptive," but adds, "Julia's been terrific to work with. She's surviving, she's O.K." Still, some of the shine is off her star. Her characters embody enduring innocence, but the odds against Roberts, only 23, are greater; her heartbreaks are public spectacle. Like a grown-up Peter Pan, she could use a little fairy dust these days.

Sport

Long John Daly Hits It Big

Golf's newest self-taught hero may be the most powerful driver ever—and he's a nice guy too

By EUGENE LINDEN CASTLE ROCK

Fresh from the awesome display that won him the 1991 P.G.A. Championship, John Daly got ready to hit a few practice balls last week in preparation for the International tournament at Colorado's Castle Pines Golf Club. As word spread that he was on the practice tee, a crowd gathered, whistling appreciatively as he casually knocked iron shots into the far reaches of the range.

Then he took out his titanium-shafted Cobra driver, and the whistles turned to disbelieving laughter as he started launching balls over the road beyond the driving range. On neighboring tees, pros like José María Olañabal and Ian Baker-Finch broke off their own practice regimens to watch the ballistic display. A few minutes later Daly headed for the course. His first drive was a monster 364-yd. shot, followed by a 280-yd. 3-iron blast. In short order, Daly turned the 644-yd., par-5 first hole, the longest on the P.G.A. tour, into an ordinary par 4.

If all Daly had to offer was power, he would be a curiosity in made-for-TV long-ball contests. But the burly, unassuming 25-year-old with the swing-for-the-fences style is something more: a genuine athletic phenomenon. The man who stunned the best golfers in the world during the P.G.A. Championship at Crooked Stick combined impossibly long tee shots with soft irons, and dead-on putts that left no openings for his rivals. During the final four holes, a stretch when even veteran players get the willies and lose major tournaments, Daly dealt with his mounting nervousness by playing harder. On the final hole of the tournament, he says, he took his biggest swing of the entire competition. It landed in the rough; Daly salvaged a par 4. "I came to the P.G.A. tournament with nothing to lose," he says, "and I think that had everything to do with winning it." Later, he improved on his spectacular triumph by promising \$30,000 of the \$230,000 prize to the children of a spectator killed by lightning at the tournament.

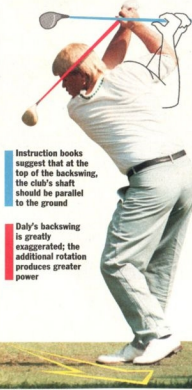
Daly realized he had talent when he won a junior tournament in Ohio at 16. Only a year ago, however, the former All-America from the University of Arkansas was so disillusioned with his playing that he considered quitting. His fiancée, Betty Fulford, counseled him to stay with it. He joined the P.G.A.

tour in March and earned \$166,000 before hitting the jackpot last week.

In an era when many touring pros act more like accountants than athletes, Daly makes fans remember that golf is a thrilling sport. Rarely pausing for more than a quick glance, Daly plays as though he were being pursued by revenuers. "Sooner or later



CLARET CUP: JIM SPELLMAN/REUTERS



Instruction books suggest that at the top of the backswing, the club's shaft should be parallel to the ground

Daly's backswing is greatly exaggerated; the additional rotation produces greater power

ED REINEKE AP-TIME DIAGRAM BY STEVE HART

you're going to have to hit it anyway," he says, noting that fast play helps reduce the pressure. His simple philosophy—"I just hit it hard as I can, and if I find the ball I hit it again"—strikes a responsive chord in galleries. Moreover, Daly is a rarity: a self-made player. He says he learned to hit the ball by watching Jack Nicklaus on TV, by looking at instructional diagrams in golf magazines, and by experimenting with what felt natural as he played on a rural nine-hole course in Dardanelle, Ark.

The result is a unique movement that is the key to his huge drives. Daly takes the club farther back, turns through his swing more completely, and follows through more fully than any other touring pro, and still manages to maintain his balance. With his broad shoulders and strong legs, the result is blinding club speed. According to golf coach David Leadbetter, the average pro golf swing moves the club head at perhaps 110 m.p.h. Daly's driver may be traveling 140 m.p.h. when it hits the ball. Says golf legend Sam Snead, who also hit thunderous drives in his prime: "I never saw a man who could take a club that far back and drive that well for that long. But if that swing ever comes unglued, they will never find the ball."

Daly is well aware of the pitfalls of his contortionist's swing. "I may have to change when I'm 35," he says, "if I still have a back." But for now, Daly believes that the rewards of being able to fly over hazards placed on fairways where mortal golfers risk falling into them, and then following up with shorter, more accurate irons, offset the wild shots.

There is a long list of golfers who have risen from obscurity to win major contests only to return to a comfortable and lucrative mediocrity. Crooked Stick, with its long fairways and soft greens, may have been the perfect course for Daly. The question remains as to how he will fare on narrower, firmer fairways where power can make a bad situation disastrous. Can he, in short, become a superstar?

Many pros feel that Daly will have to change the very peculiarities that have made him golf's latest hero if he is to get the most out of his prodigious natural ability. It may be that Daly's swing is too complicated and his game too reliant on intangibles to carry him to the level of his idol Nicklaus. But there is something heroic in the quotable slugger's triumph, and it would be a shame to see him become one of the legion of golf technocrats who threaten to turn the sport into a boring science. There may be a lesson for other pros in the enormous fan response to golf's new Sultan of Swing: people love athletes who shoot for the stars.

—With reporting by David E. Thigpen/
New York

Tragedy of an Ex-Champ

Mike Tyson, who gets millions to kick butt in the ring, is sued for millions more for allegedly pinching same at a beauty pageant

Mike Tyson has inspired many epithets: the Mighty Joe Young of boxing, Don King's twisted Tlilby, America's most volcanic son-in-law. For three years he was also known as the heavyweight champion of the world. But the organizer of the Miss Black America Pageant has topped all Tyson name callers. In a \$21 million lawsuit alleging sexual assault of 11 of the 23 contestants at last month's competition, J. Morris Anderson charged the ex-champ with being "a serial buttocks fondler."

Innocent until proved guilty—except, of course, on the front page—Tyson has been staggered by the body punches of recent accusations stemming from his appearance at the Indianapolis pageant. An 18-year-old contestant says the fighter raped her in a hotel room. And Miss Black America of 1990, the first to make the buttock-fondling charge, has sued Tyson for \$100 million. The allegations threaten to abort Tyson's November fight with current title holder Evander Holyfield—the ex-champ's chance to recapture his old glory and the awe he once commanded in and outside the ring.

The charges simply amplify Tyson's police-blotter legend. His nontitle bouts with actress-wife Robin Givens and her mother were prime tabloid tattle. Other allegations of sexual extravagances, such as that he treated women like sparring partners, kept two unauthorized biographies selling briskly. Writer A.J. Liebling had it right 40



The boxer once commanded awe in and outside the ring

years ago when he observed in *The Sweet Science*, "Fighters of exemplary moral quality may be bores. And fighters who do a lot of beautiful things nobody else does may be children emotionally. The good boys get married. The bad ones get in jams." Tyson did both.

In his current jam, Tyson may plead that he was only doing what is expected of a top dog in a vicious sport. A fighter's business, which may also be his pleasure, is hurting people; because it is the public's

pleasure too, he is paid for his work. It would be nice if this walking keg of testosterone believed that what he does is just a job, a dispassionate display of skill, and that his ferocious aggression is merely an attitude to be shucked along with his mouthpiece after the final bell. Nice, but not likely.

And maybe not possible for Tyson, who, at 5 ft. 11 in., is the shortest champ since Rocky Marciano, and one whose soft tenor voice has given employment to many derisive impressionists. How tough did this lispng lad with the fire-hydrant physique have to be? In Tyson's mind, and the popular imagination, plenty tough. From the start. His teen years, which took him from juvenile prison into the gym of ring wizard Cus D'Amato, made for great copy but little emotional stability. Twenty-eight fights and 26 knockouts later, Tyson was the youngest ever heavyweight champion—a credit that looks great on a résumé but is an invitation to excess for any 20-year-old. Tyson, naturally, rsvred.

As long as he was the undefeated champ, implacably separating large fellows from their wits, Tyson was exempt from sweeping moral judgment. A killing machine knows no scruples. His brutality was his aura. He was as bad as we wanted him to be. But once he was unthroned by Buster Douglas in a humiliating upset early last year, Tyson was not only revealed as mortal but also held to mortals' rules.

A champ is expected to be a role model: a monster at work, a gentleman at play. But Tyson also needed to live out the fight fan's fantasy—and maybe his own—that he is the world's roughest, meanest, baddest stud. His worst offense may be in believing that he is what he does.

—By Richard Corliss

Milestones

DIED. Richard Snelling, 64, Republican Governor of Vermont; of a heart attack; in Shelburne, Vt. Snelling, who also was Governor from 1977 to '85, began a new term last January by calling for a \$91 million tax increase to relieve the state's budget pinch. As chairman of the National Governors' Association in 1981 and '82, Snelling attacked President Reagan's plans to cut federal spending and increase the burden of welfare programs on the states.

DIED. James Roosevelt, 83, eldest son of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who inherited his father's ringing voice but neither his political savvy nor his luck; in Newport Beach, Calif. After serving as his father's White House secretary, Roosevelt fought in the Pacific as a Marine officer during World War II. He ran for Governor of California

in 1950, losing to Earl Warren. Roosevelt was later elected to six terms in the House of Representatives. In the 1980s, critics accused Roosevelt's lobbying group, the National Committee to Preserve Social Security and Medicare, of using scare tactics.

DIED. John Abt, 87, veteran counsel for the U.S. Communist Party; in Hudson, N.Y. After working as a New Deal lawyer, Abt helped direct Henry Wallace's presidential bid on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948. That same year, ex-communist Whittaker Chambers fingered Abt and Alger Hiss as members of a communist apparatus within the Federal Government in the 1930s. Abt refused to answer many questions of the House Un-American Activities Committee. In 1965 he successfully argued before the Supreme Court that individual com-

munists should be allowed to invoke the privilege against self-incrimination and to refuse to register with the Attorney General as required by the 1950 McCarran Internal Security Act. In 1984 Abt finally "came out" as a communist.

DEATH REVEALED. Wang Mingdao, 91, leading pastor of China's estimated 30 million house-church Protestants whose preaching and resistance to the Beijing regime earned him the honorific "China's John the Baptist"; on July 28; in Shanghai. Wang pioneered a church that was independent of both Western and Chinese communist control. After he was released from 23 years of imprisonment in 1980, his Shanghai apartment became a pilgrimage center for Chinese Christians eager for an old-fashioned Gospel message.

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Essay

Richard Brookhiser

Of Church Pews And Bedrooms

The Protestant churches seem obsessed with sex these days. Not that their interest in the subject is new. Puritan disquisitions on sex were so plainspoken that early 20th century editions of them had to be bowdlerized. But the terms of today's discussion are revolutionary—not Why do men sin? but Why shouldn't they party? Traditional strictures against homosexuality, premarital sex (once called fornication), even adultery, are up for theological debate. The Presbyterians in conclave assembled gave thumbs down to the new morality; the Episcopalians gave thumbs sideways; the United Methodist Church and the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America will not be far behind in giving their thumb signals. Bees do it; do Wasps?

Roman Catholics have caught the bug too (as in so many other areas, liberal American Catholics find themselves playing catch-up with their Protestant soul mates). Their arguments over sex are complicated by the fact that the Vatican, the ultimate source of authority in their church, is not known for taking its cues on matters of discipline from Gallup polls or what it hears on Oprah. Or from Protestants.

The obvious secular explanation for this hubbub is that America's churches are internalizing the mores of a developed society. Once the automobile, the college dorm and the Pill became almost universally available, it was inevitable that men and women would start their sexual careers earlier and build up longer and more varied résumés. It was also inevitable that the churches would adjust to the new reality. If that meant adjusting traditional interpretations of the Ten Commandments, so be it.

Like most obvious secular explanations, this one is shallow. American churches don't just passively receive ideas from the general culture. They also stimulate them. (Thomas Jefferson wrote about the "wall of separation" between church

and state in a letter to a group of Baptist political allies.) If America's pews ring with debate about America's bedrooms, that is because the churches have their own reasons for grappling with the subject.

What we are witnessing is in fact a clash between two earnest and articulated theological impulses. Traditionalists and innovators disagree about sex because they disagree about the universe, and about God.

Defenders of tradition are often accused of blindly upholding the social status quo. That is selling them short. Even the most conservative American churches have assailed aspects of the status quo, from dueling to saloons to the 12-hour workday. Instead the sexual conservatives see themselves as defending divinely given guides to human behavior. Fundamentalists look for these instructions primarily in scripture, such as St. Paul's comments on homosexuality. Conservatives who are not fundamentalists can agree that the God who made covenants with ancient Israel and with the church wants sexuality to be restricted to the covenant of matrimony.

The sexual radicals, on the other hand, are not simply looking for divine justifications to make whoopee. They represent the latest phase of a 200-year evolution of German and American Romantic theology, which sees God not as a transcendent Other, giving us texts or examples, but as the ground of our being. God, the Romantics believe, is within us; the purpose of religion is to enable us to make contact with him (or her). As Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Unitarian minister turned essayist and lecturer, put it, "That which shows God in me, fortifies me. That which shows God out of me, makes me a wart and a wen." A century after Emerson, his heirs have decided that self-fortification can come through sex—gay or straight, married or un-. Today's Romantics say, with Walt Whitman, "God comes a loving bedfellow and sleeps at my side all night."

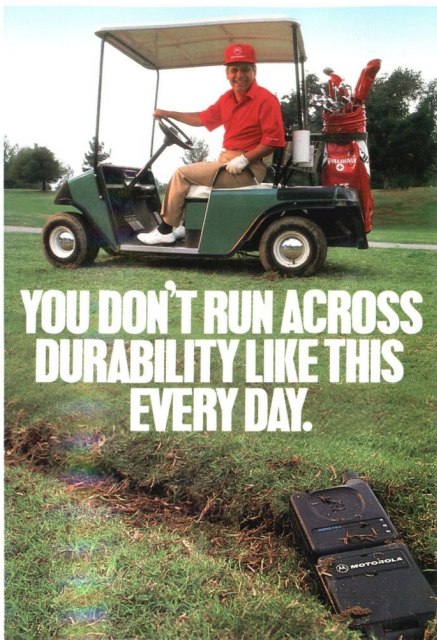
These two positions are not intellectual fashion statements that track rises or falls in the incidence of sleeping around. Nor are they matters of degree, which can be compromised by living and letting live. Their proponents face each other across a fissure in philosophical bedrock.

Each side also faces internal contradictions in its own position. The question the radicals must answer is, Why are they Christians at all? Many radicals argue that the way to religious empowerment was pioneered by Jesus as if he were a kind of Kit Carson of the soul. But who needs pioneers once the frontier is opened? It often seems that the radicals cling to Jesus for the sake of the name ID and some pretty 19th century buildings erected in his name.

Traditionalists, meanwhile, must realize (and some do) that even if they are willing to defy the spirit of the age, they cannot ignore it. Churches that tell their flocks to live a traditional sexual life, without helping them find alternatives to the singles scene or the gay subculture, are meeting their responsibilities less than halfway.

Unbelievers have an interest in this religious faction fight, if only because so much social policy revolves around sex and its consequences. Are America's Christians (still more than 85% of the population, according to a recent survey) going to order their erotic lives by rules and their inevitable accompaniment, guilt? Are they going to order their erotic lives at all? Samuel Johnson once contrasted preachers who deplored intoxication because it "debases reason, the noblest faculty of man," with preachers who warned drinkers that "they may die in a fit of drunkenness." (Johnson preferred the preachers who did not mince words.) If America gets a generation of preachers who boost sex because it gets you close to God, how will that affect the number of single-parent families or of AIDS cases?

Meanwhile, the disputants are primarily motivated not by policy considerations, but by what they believe to be right. That is what makes this fight so all-American, and so angry. ■



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Well, not only was the Micro T-A-C able to withstand the pressure of a heavy golf cart, but its durability thoroughly impressed Lee Trevino.

"I saw the Micro T-A-C

dropped, bumped, thrown, and muddled," said Trevino. "They did just about everything," he added, "but hit it off a tee with a three wood. Yet, after all that abuse, it performed like a champ. It's obvious that the Motorola cellular phone is put together to stay together."

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